THE BYSTANDER
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SEPTEMBER 7, 1927
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THE ST. LEGER: SPECIAL ARTICLE AND CARICATURES

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, September 7, 1927 No. 1238. Vol. XCV

The BYSTANDER

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

AN OLD, OLD STORY

Horace W. Nicholls

A FUTURE DRAKE

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Chamonix

My reference to the gloom cast over the playgrounds of Europe by flood and fire anticipated, in curious fashion, the disaster at Chamonix. This resort has always been famous for its proximity to the "monarch of mountains" and also on account of the excellence of its organisation in the matter of winter sports.

All Different

I spent a week at Chamonix last winter, after sampling the social joys of St. Moritz and the sterner delights of Mürren, but I found quite enough variety to ensure any absence of boredom. The great thing about these winter resorts is that they are all different, each one having some special feature that differentiates it from its neighbour.

A Funicular People

Following the disaster one recalls with pathetic interest a bright winter morning when two Bystanders stood tracing with field-glasses the track of the rack and pinion railway leading from Chamonix to the Mer de Glace. And I remember the jesting remark of one of us that "We English are a funicular people."

A Word for the "Boater"

I suppose the head-gear merchants are already manufacturing the hats that we shall wear next summer, and I am wondering if the example set by the Prince of Wales in Canada will lead to a revival of the "boater." There is a good deal to be said for it, and if it suited me as well as it suits the Prince and Maurice Chevalier I would never wear anything else.

The Jolly Roger

The fact that a plot was hatched in the Oxford Y.M.C.A. to hoist the Jolly Roger over the local Town Hall reminds me that the war was responsible for great changes in the outlook and influence of this excellent organisation. There was formerly a certain "smugness" about the average member, but the Y.M.C.A. "found itself" during the years of conflict, and the Jolly Roger episode is just a reminder of the fact.

Did You Know Him?

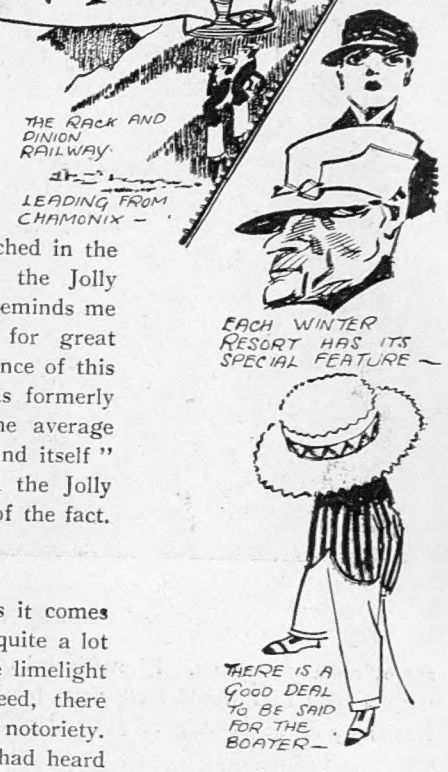
In these days of publicity stunts it comes as rather a shock to find that quite a lot of people do not scramble into the limelight on every possible occasion. Indeed, there are some who positively detest notoriety. How many readers, for instance, had heard of Lord Effingham, who left wonderful pictures to the nation and died worth half a million? Very few, I fancy.

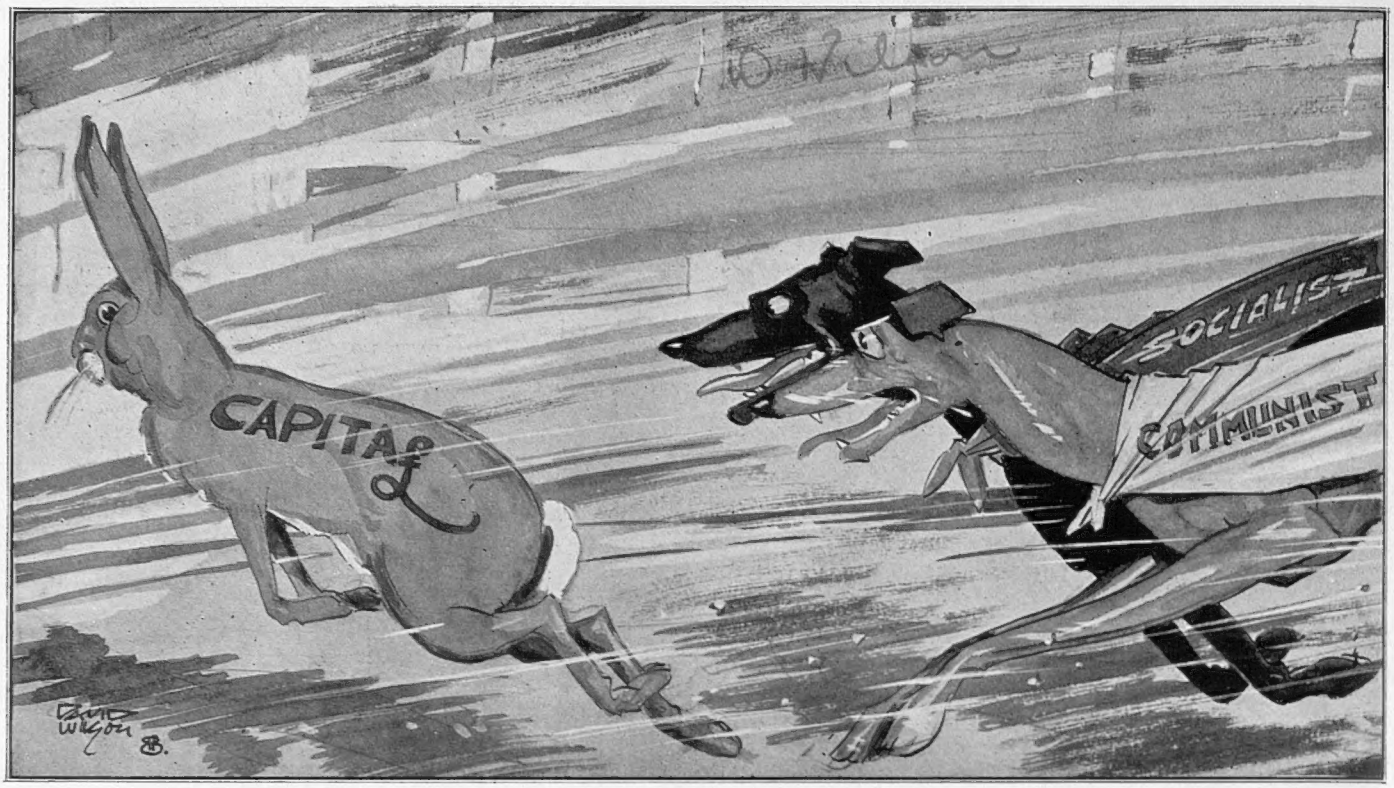
Those Horrible Drugs

There has been quite a pother because a famous physician has recommended a fizzy drink to candidates at examinations, with a view to clearing their mental vision and steadying their nerves for the ordeal. One writer even draws a comparison between this and the doping of race-horses. Yet the mixture was possibly as innocuous as a cup of tea and less harmful than the succession of strong coffees indulged in by many literary men.

On Playing the Game

How far should we stick to the rules when playing a friendly game of golf or bridge? Opinion is sharply divided on this point, which became of topical interest when a competitor in the Boys' Golf Championship was penalised for





COURSING AT THE "RED" CITY!

By David Wilson

removing a worm-cast. I have heard this incident discussed with a heat that would have done justice to the League of Nations and the Battle of Jutland rolled into one.

Something of a Shylock

How often, during a rubber of bridge, does the same point arise! There is a revoke, and one player usually remarks: "That's all right, it's only a friendly game, after all." Whereupon another player appeals passionately for a strict adherence to the rules and for his full pound of penalties. Usually the rules are very properly followed, but the player who had the moral courage to enter the protest is often made to feel something of a Shylock.

Mob Law

The attitude of the crowd that protested vocally against the referee's decision in the case I have mentioned is another kettle of fish, and cannot be defended. If this mob law is allowed to weaken authority then we are indeed lost, and our sporting reputation is in danger of extinction. Rugger enthusiasts understand this, and I have already mentioned a significant incident at Wimbledon that caused no little disquiet.

A Human Paradox

As in the case of the late Fred Grundy, Mostyn Pigott, whose death occurred recently, was a member of that almost extinct class known as Good Clubmen. He had, in fact, almost outlived his day, for the present generation demands something more tangible of a man than brilliant repartee and the good opinion of his fellows. Mostyn Pigott was a great character with no ambition; kindly yet bitter; admired by his friends and detested by his enemies. The names of the men who mourn him comprise an epitaph which more successful men may well envy.

The British Label

There were lots of reasons for wishing the best of good luck to the musical version of *The Beloved Vagabond* produced at the Duke of York's last Thursday. In the first place it is a thoroughly British production, though I am not sure that the average playgoer will be very impressed by this fact. In the entertainment world the home product has rarely met with undue encouragement, whereas the foreign article is given a send-off that is almost delirious in its enthusiasm.

The Beloved Author

An even more vital reason for well-wishing is the fact that Mr. W. J. Locke is probably our best-loved British author. I wouldn't be sure that he has usurped the position held so long by Sir James Barrie, but I think there is more than a possibility that he would rank above the author of *Peter Pan* if it came to a popular plebiscite. And as to the Vagabond himself, there is no question that he is the most delightful character that English literature has given us in the last fifty years.

Whimsical Charm

Whatever the fate of the play at the Duke of York's, it is a matter for congratulation that the wells of inspiration upon which its author draws are by no means running dry. Meeting him at a gathering of literary folk, I found all the old whimsical charm still apparent—a fact for which his long sojourn in sunny Southern lands must surely be held responsible. Visiting him in his lovely villa at Cannes one realises how difficult it must be to grow physically old or mentally stale under such ideal surroundings.

Good-bye Poppyland!

The fall of cliff at Cromer draws attention to the terrible and continual erosion from which the East Coast is suffering. Even in the days of Clement Scott, when the great dramatic critic described Overstrand as the Garden of Sleep, and gave the wider district the title of Poppyland, the coast of Norfolk was steadily falling into the sea, and the crumbling process has been so incessant that it will be necessary to alter the contours of the East Coast if our maps are to be a correct record of the configuration of the country.

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Queen in Yorkshire

THE antique dealers in Harrogate always look forward to the Queen's visit to Goldsborough Hall, since they may always be certain of Her Majesty's patronage. The Queen has a long list of Christmas presents, and many of the objects of *bric-à-brac* she buys at Cowes, Harrogate, Edinburgh, and in London are given at the end of the year to those relations and friends whose tastes lie in that direction. Many of the pictures, too, which the Queen buys in exhibitions are given as Christmas presents.

Besides the excursions into Harrogate, the Queen, with Princess Mary, pays visits practically every day to the Princess's neighbours—a term to which the motor car has given an elasticity and a distance unknown to our forbears, who had to be content with a ten-mile or so radius. Amongst these visits is generally one to Lady Doris Vyner at Studley Royal, the scene of some of the late Marquess of Ripon's biggest shooting records, and which her husband, Mr. Clare Vyner, bought after Lord Ripon's death.

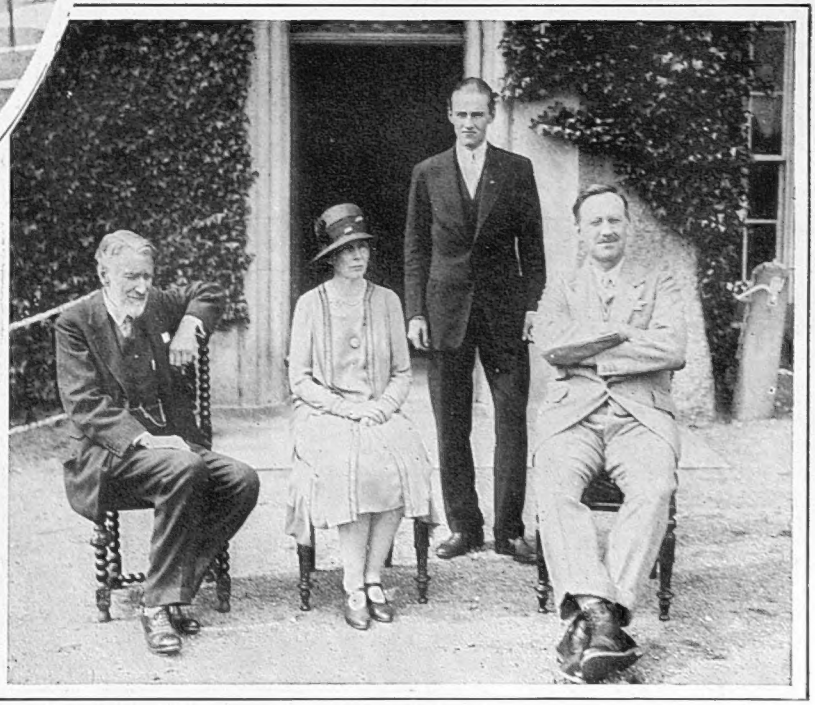
Mr. Vyner's elder brother, Mr. Edward Compton, has been the heir to his cousin, the Marquess of Northampton, since the latter's brother, Lord Spencer Compton, was killed in the War. They are the sons of the late Lord Alwyne Compton, but Mr. Vyner assumed the name of his maternal grandfather, from whom he inherited "a comfortable sufficiency" when he was eighteen. Lady Doris Vyner, who is a granddaughter of the Duke of Richmond, was one of the Duchess of York's bridesmaids, and was to have accompanied her on

ROYALTY IN YORKSHIRE *Sport and General*

The Queen and Princess Mary walking to the Home Farm after attending Sunday morning service at Goldsborough Church. Lord Lascelles is seen behind Princess Mary

INSPECTING THE GUARD *Topical*

His Majesty, accompanied by Major Mackenzie, inspecting the Guard of Honour at Ballater whilst on his way to Balmoral. The guard was furnished by the Royal Scots



A COMING-OF-AGE *Topical*

The Hon. Randal Plunkett photographed with Sir Horace Plunkett (left) and his parents, Lord and Lady Dunsany, at Dunsany Castle, Co. Meath, during his coming-of-age celebrations. Lord Dunsany is well known in literary circles as a poet and playwright

Sport and General

MRS. COURAGE PRESENTING A SILVER CUP TO MR. TAYLER

Alfieri

MAJOR N. H. HUTTENBACK

AT THE BANBURY HORSE SHOW

Lady Carlisle reigned at Castle Howard for ten years after her husband's death, one of the most dominating personalities in the North.

She was one of the earliest and most ardent advocates of Prohibition. After her husband succeeded to the earldom, some forty years ago, she closed all those public-houses on the estate the licences of which did not prevent her doing so. Convinced that an "ounce of practice is better than a peck of precept," Lady Carlisle had all the wine in the cellars at Castle Howard emptied out into the lake, with disastrous result, I believe, to the fish, and certainly to the anger and consternation of certain connoisseurs of good wine who would have paid big prices for some of the bins. When it was pointed out that if the wine had been sold a large sum could have been given to charity, Lady Carlisle stoutly declared that any money obtained by the sale of alcoholic drink was tainted at the source.

Sport and General

MRS. FORSYTH FOREST AND MISS BROOKS

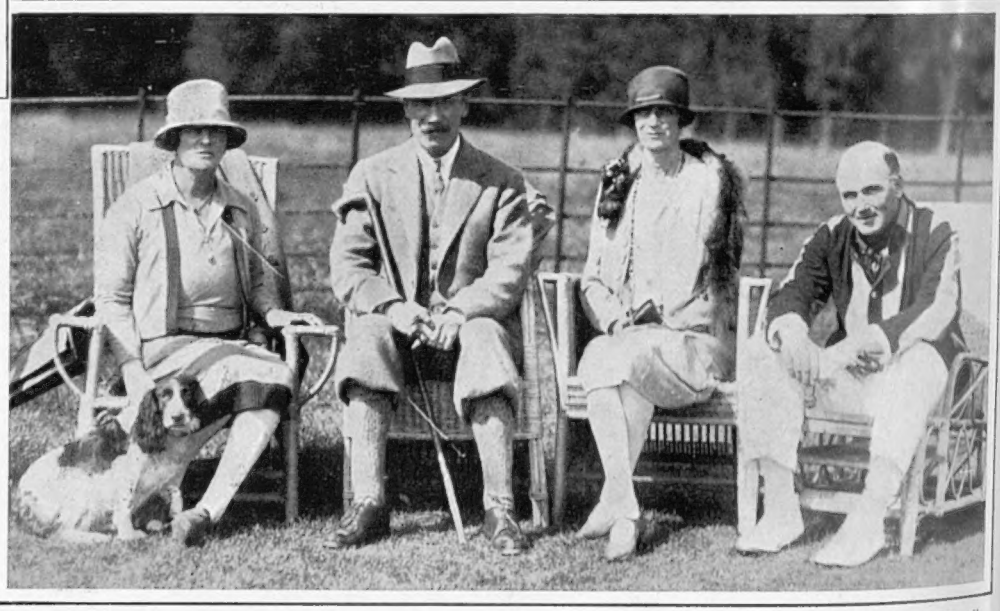
The Solitary Male

This Lady Carlisle, in addition to her hatred of drink, had almost as strong a disapproval of indoor man-servants, and the New Zealand tour, but for reasons of health her place was taken by Lady Susan Gordon-Gilmour almost at the last minute.

At Castle Howard

The Queen, too, usually pays a visit to the Hon. Geoffrey and Mrs. Howard at Castle Howard, the great palace built by Vanbrugh for an Earl of Carlisle early in the eighteenth century, and which, I believe, after Lord Fitzwilliam's vast place, Wentworth Woodhouse, is the biggest house in Yorkshire.

Mr. Geoffrey Howard is the uncle of the present Lord Carlisle, and inherited Castle Howard from his mother, Rosalind Countess of Carlisle, to whom it had been left by her husband, the eighth earl. Rosalind



Howell

AT CRICKET-TIME

Mrs. Hugh Peel (left), Major Hugh Peel, Mrs. Bernard and Commander Bernard, R.N., enjoying the calm delights of cricket. The photograph was taken at the match between the Shropshire Gentlemen and Mrs. Hugh Peel's XI at Bryn-y-Pys, near Wrexham

Castle Howard was staffed entirely by women, who all wore a uniform dress. She was one of the earliest mistresses, if not the first, to put women-servants into an equivalent to the male livery.

A propos of the Castle Howard women-servants, the late John Addington Symonds used to tell a very amusing story. He went to stay there, taking with him an Italian valet who had been in his service for many years. On going to bed rather late on the first night of his visit, to his great surprise he found his valet in his bedroom and in a state of agitation.

Asked to explain what he was doing there at that time of night the valet declared he was too frightened to go to his own room because there were twenty-five women servants, and he was the only man amongst them! Ridicule, commands, entreaties—nothing would move the Italian. All the powers of light and darkness would not make him sleep in his room, he said. As there was nowhere else for him to go his master had to let him sleep on a sofa at the foot of his bed.

The next morning the Italian valet betook himself to Scarborough, and there he remained throughout John Addington Symonds's visit to Castle Howard, resolutely refusing to come even within sight of its lofty dome and great façade, beneath and behind which there were no servants except twenty-five women.

Topical

LORD AND LADY SCARSDALE

News Illus.

LADY NOREEN BASS AND LADY MARKHAM

Alfieri

MAJOR "RATTLE" BARRETT AND LADY PETERSHAM

ROUND THE COURSE AT DERBY

Topical

LADY ELTHAM AND MR. VILLIERS

Alfieri

THE HON. NANCY ALLSOPP AND MISS JOHNSTON

Pertaining to Asinine

Some little time ago it was suggested that a certain Scottish peer, who is not remarkable for his intelligence, should be given the Order of the Thistle. When the name was put before the authority which decides the offering of such honours, that authority said:

"Oh, no, we mustn't give him the Thistle. He would eat it!"

A Great Personality

Since a generation is thirty years, two generations of the most distinguished and interesting English folk who have visited Italy have passed through the *salons* and the gardens of Poggio Gherardo, the great villa at Fiesole, close to Florence, where the late Mrs. Ross lived for close on sixty years. Mrs. Ross has just died at the age of 85. It was said of her, and with justice, that no one else could be so annihilatingly rude if she didn't like you, and no one could be so captivating, so kind and so warm-hearted if she did like you.

Yet there was something attractive even about her rudeness. It showed the mental fearlessness with which she had approached life from her earliest years. She was Scottish to the backbone, as was only natural in a daughter of the house of Duff-Gordon, and despite the long years of her

Lafayette

A FUTURE BRIDE

Miss Eileen Bulfin, whose engagement to Mr. J. A. Holmes, of the King's Dragoon Guards, was recently announced. She is the only daughter of General Sir Edward and Lady Bulfin, of Walmer, Kent

Central News

AFTER THE WEDDING

Major P. H. Worsley, D.S.O., and his bride, Miss M. Steel, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Steel, of Kirkwood, after their wedding at the English Church, Lockerbie. Before retiring the bridegroom served with the King's Own Scottish Borderers

L.N.A.

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Mr. Hugh Lumley photographed with his bride, Miss Zeeland, after their wedding, which took place recently at All Souls, Langham Place. The bridegroom is well known in football circles, and is captain of the Bradford Rugby Union team

residence in Italy was never influenced by her Italian surroundings. She spoke Italian with great fluency—and with particular point, as her labourers used to discover when she had them "on the carpet"—yet her accent was almost as British as that of the average tourist. As somebody has said of her, "She was like a Union Jack flown at full mast on the Fiesole hillside."

Few women have had a more interesting intellectual life. As a child she went to dessert at the banker-poet Roger's famous breakfasts. Thackeray and "Dicky" Doyle drew pictures for her; and she used to sit on Macaulay's knee. Twice in her life Mrs. Ross figured as the heroine of a novel. As a girl, beautiful, and vivid with health and keen intelligence, she was George Meredith's inspiration for Rose Jocelyn in *Evan Harrington*. Years later, in her middle age, Ouida made her the central figure in one of the most vitriolic and spiteful *romans à clef* that have ever been written, *In a Winter City*. Mrs. Ross and Ouida had fallen out, and the book was Ouida's revenge.

There was scarcely an Englishman or a foreigner distinguished in the arts, in letters and in science, who did not find his way to Poggio Gherardo during the sixty years of Mrs. Ross's lifetime there. Mr. Ross, who had been a banker in Egypt, and whom she married when she was eighteen, used to grow wonderful orchids. Mrs. Ross was out and about all day on her *podére*—her wine and oil were famous—and in the long winter evenings she wrote her many books. If she had visitors—and this was generally the case—she liked them to be employed too. Right up to the end she kept her close hold upon the many interests of her life, and her acute grasp of all that was going on in the world of the intellect both in Italy and England.

Poole, Waterford

A HUNTING ENGAGEMENT

Lady Blanche Beresford, eldest daughter of the late Marquess of Waterford and of Lady Osborne Beauclerk, whose engagement to Mr. Richard Girouard, only son of Colonel Sir Percy Girouard, has been announced. Lady Blanche and her sister, Lady Katherine, were Joint-Masters of the Waterford from 1923 to 1926

Plain Speaking

THE mental courage which very often found expression in rudeness was shown many times in her encounters with trespassers on her land. In two incidents in later years she was superb. Eight years ago, when Italy was seething with Communism, a band of these people burst into the garden of Poggio Gherardo and demanded all her oil and wine. Although her life was in peril Mrs. Ross told them exactly what she thought of themselves and their doings, and with such vigour and directness that they finally agreed to pay her for the oil and wine, the intrepid old lady agreeing to a reduction in the price.

Two years later another armed band forced their way into the rooms of the villa itself, demanding money. Most of the men were smoking cigarettes, and they all behaved with deliberate insolence. Mrs. Ross rated them so soundly that when she told them to throw away their cigarettes they obeyed her meekly. And when she refused to give them money unless they gave her their names they likewise obeyed. Those names she sent to the authorities directly the marauders had departed.

Mrs. Ross's only son was tutor to the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, who now claims the Imperial throne, and his brother the Grand Duke Boris.

Dinard

DINARD is one of those happy places which has both a summer and a

winter season, and this summer it has been more crowded than ever. In the morning after bathing all the world gathers in the open courtyard or under the amber-coloured awnings at Baptiste's for an *apéritif*. In the afternoon there is tennis—by the way, there has just been an exciting international tournament with some excellent play—and excursions innumerable.

But whatever people may do in the daytime—tennis, excursions, golf out at St. Briac, or tea at charming St. Lunaire—everybody flocks to the Casino at night. If you choose to have a flutter on the green tables there is boule and baccarat; and, if you prefer dancing, the play, or the opera, again you have your choice; or you can

Sport and General

LADY BURTON AND LORD CECIL MANNERS

A GROUP OF COMPETITORS FOR THE HOLT BEEVER CUP *Fuers*

Mr. Levey (left), Mr. Nat Boas, Signor P. A. Butti, Don Piero Prinetti Castaletti, Donna Maria Prinetti Castaletti, Mr. and Mrs. Rittlinger, Mr. Alexander Joseph, Major E. H. Lovell and Mr. Roberts

SUMMER AT ST. MORITZ

A trio of photographs from this famous Swiss resort. Golf and tennis are the order of the day, and find many devotees

combine them all with the tables. On the gala nights, which come round with pleasant frequency, there are always exhibition dancers of big Parisian reputation. Recently Clotilde and Alexandre Sakharoff appeared at the Casino with great effect.

A treasure hunt, which was organised by the Casino recently, was such a success that it is to be repeated. There were forty-two entries. The treasure had to be sought by motors, each car being given the first clue, from which they had to pick up the rest until the final one brought

Sport and General

BARON JEAN DE MORPURGO WITH PRINCE JIT OF KAPURTHALA

the discovery. The clues covered so considerable a distance in the neighbourhood of Dinard that the winning couple took two hours to cover it. Twenty-five of the forty-two entrants picked up all the clues, so the first prizes given had to be allotted according to the time taken to trace the treasure to its hiding place.

For Charity

FREQUENTLY throughout the season the Casino is lent for charity entertainments. One of the most successful was in aid of the Dinard Hospital, when Jean Borlin, the Swedish dancer, was the great attraction. The chairman of the committee for the entertainment was General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, and amongst its members were Lady Smith-Dorrien, Lady Victoria de Trafford, Lady Curtis, Mrs. Meyer Sassoon, the Marquise de Montferrier, and the Vicomtesse de la Rochefoucauld.

Topical

ON THE CANADIAN TOUR

The Prince of Wales and Prince George photographed at Edmonton during their visit to the Dominion. They are seen leaving the Memorial Hall after a tour of inspection of the building

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

BOOK LAW

Doncaster Week

With its sales and racing Doncaster makes up one of the most important weeks of the racing season. Although there have been many disappointments among those who paid high prices for yearlings in recent years, we may be sure that bidding will be as keen as ever when the youngsters bred at Sledmere, Worksop Manor, and the leading Irish stud farms come into the ring. Already this year we have seen a yearling change hands at the stupendous figure of 14,000 gs., and I am wondering whether that figure will be exceeded this week. I expect the Aga Khan will be on the warpath again, and he wants some stopping when he has made up his mind to buy.

Owners' Bad Luck

It is very bad luck for him that the best of his two-year-olds seen out so far, Hakim, should recently have met with an accident which necessitated his destroyal. I had hoped to see Hakim in the field for the Champagne Stakes, but that race still looks like living up to its reputation of being a great test of the best two-year-olds. Like the Aga Khan, Mr. Washington Singer is to be sympathised with in the recent death of a valuable young thoroughbred. I do not think Chantrey would have won the St. Leger, but I am convinced he would have given a good account of himself in the race. The luck of the Manton stable has not been particularly good in this race for a long time past, but there seems a strong probability that Book Law will prevail this time.

A Good Filly

One cannot get away from the fact that this is a nailing good filly, and there seems to be no reason to question her staying powers. With the possible exception of Hot Night the opposition to Lord Astor's filly on Wednesday looks like being unusually feeble. Shian Mor was third in the Derby and has his recent success at York to recommend him, but when you come to analyse his best form it does not amount to much. At Epsom he finished ten lengths behind the winner, while he had a poor lot against him at York. Still, such is the character of the St. Leger field that nobody will be surprised if Shian Mor runs into the first three again.

St. Leger Outsiders

Restigouche will probably be one of the most popular outsiders in the race. All through his career he has given one the impression of being a colt likely to make steady improvement with age, and his success at Liverpool suggested that he was approaching the top of his form. He is bred in the right way for stamina, and if he does not actually win he should carry Lord Beaverbrook's colours with credit. I regard Tattoo as possessing much about the same chance as Restigouche. What will Hot Night do in the Leger? On his form in the Derby he should certainly be the best of the colts, but considerable doubt exists as to whether he will "get the trip." He is not a colt about whom one writes with downright confidence. Even his trainer, who has done his best to have Hot Night at the top of his powers this week, is by no means certain how he will fare in the race.

Photographs *W. A. Rouch*

HOT NIGHT

Hot Night's Chance

Compared with the old-fashioned preparations given to St. Leger candidates, including plenty of strong "Yorkshire gallops," Hot Night's work has been relatively light. He is not a colt who thrives on strenuous work, and Crawford's anxiety has been not to overdo him in any way. That Sir Victor Sassoon's crack possesses brilliancy is unquestionable, and as he has no Call Boy against him this time his class may pull him through. My own idea, however, is that Book Law will outstay him. In her two races at Goodwood, to say nothing of her display in the Oaks, this filly showed herself possessed of both speed and stamina, and if she is free from natural troubles on the day of the race I expect her to win decisively. I never like selecting a raging favourite, but candidly I see nothing this time which has a really sound chance of upsetting the slight odds which will probably be betted on Book Law. I am inclined to "save" by backing Hot Night each way.

A Classic Colt

Flamingo was among the youngsters entered for the Tattersall Sale Stakes on Wednesday, but Jack Jarvis tells me that this smart colt will not run again this season. Although it is looking a long way ahead, Sir Laurence Philipps is already hopeful that Flamingo will gain a classic success in his colours next season. It looks a trifle suspicious that the colt has been retired from active work so early in the year. On the other hand, this policy may have been decided on merely because his owner and trainer are anxious to give him every chance of steadily developing his powers. His absence makes it probable that the Aga Khan will carry off the Sale Stakes with one of his two-year-olds, and the same owner is hopeful that he will win the Doncaster Cup on Friday with Dark Japan, who finds himself with a stiff weight-carrying task, but should be equal to accomplishing it.

Likely Winners

It is just possible that Book Law may be saddled again for the Park Hill Stakes after running in the St. Leger. For the time being, however, I assume that she will not be in the field for the latter race, which may, therefore, be won by **Gioconda**, who, as we saw at York, is a rare sticker. The Portland Handicap is a race in which big weights are often carried successfully, and if Highborn II runs he is assured of plenty of support even with 9st. on his back. My opinion, however, is that **Endowment**, who easily beat him at Goodwood, will do so again at the new weights, and I make her my selection for this sprint.

St. Leger Personalities

BY "THE TOUT"

That Book Law will win the St. Leger for Lord Astor is the firm conviction of many visitors to the Town Moor. Mr. W. M. G. Singer's hopes were dashed when Chantrey died in his box, but the other figures on this page have "live" candidates for the last of the classic races except M. E. de St. Alary, who has not "accepted" with Bonny Boy II

G. C. WEIGHTMAN SMITH

The South African who represents Cambridge in the Hurdles. He won the 110 Metre Hurdles during the recent athletic meeting in Germany

□ PICCADILLO □

PHILOSOPHY FROM THE FRONT ROW

By "PENDARVES"

I AM thankful I haven't been out of London yet for more than a few days at a time. I should have missed the greatest show the West End has ever produced. There is humour, pathos, drama, gay music, sensational *dénouement*—in fact, everything you get from the front row of revues like *Lido Liaisons*, or *The Bathroom Window*, or any of those soul-stirring plays. And you can have it for nothing. That is the marvellous part.

All you have to do is to get some man to ask you to lunch at his club: listen sympathetically to his reasons *why* he is "bottled up" in Town in August (interjecting "It's a dam shame" at appropriate intervals): pick one of the longest cigars out of the mahogany case: say you will have just a *spot* more of that brandy; and then stroll cool, comfortable and observant into Piccadilly; take up a position on the red rail—most thoughtfully provided for you by the Westminster City Council—and watch the fun.

There never was a clearer example of how England can get down to it when she has to than here. Here is British efficiency at its brightest and best. Any nation that can make its principal thoroughfare look like the lava fields halfway up Mount Vesuvius and can *go on doing it* day after day without let or hindrance from its outraged taxpayers, can do *anything*.

And there has never been a finer object lesson for the watching thousands as to why engines of destruction made by *British* firms are the best. You will, I feel sure, put up a little prayer of thankfulness that you are more and more British every day in every way if you stand long enough watching the great game called Piccadillo—now showing, continuous performance day and night.

I mean you can't expect to see anything anywhere more inspiring than, say, "The Edwards Patent Three-way Oildraulic Tipper (Watch It Tip)." It is a priceless thing on wheels, and every time I have watched it so far a platoon of thoroughly British men have carried bits of dear old Piccadilly towards it on their heads with oriental dignity, and have left the pieces with it, taking no receipt (and where else would you be foolish enough to do *that?*). The "watch it tip" part of the business is where the catch is. A traffic policeman, now out of a job, tells me it is tipped, but at Barking Creek; and that seems rather far just after lunch.

Then there is a deliciously friendly rivalry going on between the Engines of Destruction firms. There is the Whittaker-Ellis Inferno: the Sullivan Stabber: the Guyate Gyratory: the Consolidated Pneumatic Tool Tornado: the Ingersoll-Rand Revolver: the Douglas Halse Howitzers, and the Mess Makers' Masterpiece.

Of course, they have all got picked men to work them. They play in teams of four. They have all been capped, naturally. There is a *Victor Ludorum*, I understand, to be given early in the New Year by the residents of Albany Chambers for the best consistent team work on the thickest part of the rock road over any stated period between midnight and 4 a.m.

The Mess Makers are leading at the moment. But not by much—only a few yards. The Bicepp Brothers of Bolton are drilling them very close, so the Clerk of the Works tells me. You really ought to bring your boy to see the Bicepp Brothers before the beginning of next Rugger term. As an exhibition of the unselfishness in team work during a losing game, and the value of getting the bore into the concrete *quickly*, they have much to teach. The stand-off half for the Bicepps has, as you all know, to shovel the muck away as it breaks from the scrum or rock, and *go on* shovelling. Well, the other day, when the Mess Makers were getting the concrete the whole time and were leading quite dangerously, young Basil Bicepp got a fragment of muck in his eye. He was quite (hospital) blind for the moment, but refused to leave the field, merely standing upright and saying things, of an encouraging nature one supposes though, of course, one couldn't hear, to his elder brother, whose bore had done it! The other Bicepps went on drilling as if nothing untoward had happened. A great quartette. They should go far. They have gone a fair distance down towards the Dover Street Tube already.

People going to see Piccadillo played for the first time may be puzzled, perhaps, at the number of men in bowler hats and blue suits standing about in No Man's Land, talking privily together. It is a common error to suppose that these gentlemen are in any way surplus to establishment. They are known as "Foremen," and no Piccadillo could possibly be played correctly or continuously without them. Besides, they can point unerringly to things, and lift their bowlers to scratch beneath as no other bowler-wearing man could do half so well. Moreover, if they weren't on the field the whole game might get hung up, and the Bicepp Brothers would have to stop. Which would be fatal.

SKETCHES BY MAC

T. E. TWEED

The Cambridge High Jump Blue. He was in the team that competed against Germany recently

The "Nous" of the Grouse

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Remarkable gumption on the part of youthful but intelligent grouse in selecting a place of safety when sorely beset

Produced June 1, 1927

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

HAVING met the Wife we cannot help sympathising with her husbands. Mrs. Gertrude Lennox is what the humorist has called a "twicer." Her first husband was a Mr. Bellamy, who was reported killed in the great San Francisco earthquake some ten years since. Mrs. Bellamy mourned her husband for three months, more or less, and then, as she says, having been accustomed to being married ever since she was eighteen, she roped in Mr. Harvey Lennox (Mr. Frederick Leister). The part of the wife is played by Miss Constance Collier with the plaintive languor that this distinguished actress affects with such marked success. Miss Collier contrives to emphasise with a nice humour the "Wife's" unbridled selfishness and inordinate vanity, so that we may judge for ourselves what a trial she must have been to any kind of a husband who had taken her for better or for worse.

IT seems that that is just the way Mr. Bellamy felt about her. After ten years of married life he was getting rather tired of a wife of the clinging-peach variety, who whimpered when she could not have her own way, while at the same time expecting all other men to fall in love with her. The great earthquake gave Mr. Bellamy his chance and he took it like a man. He separated himself rapidly from the scattered brickbats, and, satisfied that he had left his wife and child well provided for, he made a bee-line for this fair land of England, where we are still moderately free, as freedom goes in these crank-infested times. Mr. Bellamy had been in the real estate industry in America, but he felt that he had a call to the profession of letters, an ambition his wife had always thwarted because there is nothing like the money in it that there is in the land agent's industry.

"MUST YOU GO?" *Stage Photo Co.*

Gertrude Lennox (Constance Collier) finds that the prospect of Philip (George Tully), her newly recovered first husband, leaving her again is an occasion for grief. This view is shared by her second husband!

MR. BELLAMY took the name of Philip Lord, and as he was able to write with a nice fluency of the limpid depths of rich brown eyes and silent communings beneath sunset skies (to be continued in our next) he soon became known as a writer who understood women better than any man had done before. His fame then reached America, where the "literary" societies of the suburbs assemble, nominally to discuss art and letters, but really to squabble over questions of social precedence. Mrs. Lennox is a member of some such society, and she is chuckling at the thought that she has dished her fellow-members by monopolising the famous Philip Lord, whose literary hysterics have been hailed as a new Message. Mr. Lord has just arrived from England, and he has agreed to stay for a day or so with Mrs. Lennox, who knows that many of her dear friends would give their ears for such an honour as that.

MRS. LENNOX is a lady of uncertain age, as you might say, though of course in that respect she is no different from most other ladies. But in her case, while affecting all the sinuous graces of the flapper on the warpath, she has to own to having a daughter of marriageable years. When we first hear of Mrs. Lennox she is in the garden with young Mr. Staunton gathering flowers that shall suitably decorate her living-room for the reception of the literary lion. When the flowers have been arranged with a nice art about the room Mr. Staunton tells Mrs. Lennox that he has a declaration to make. As she is rather obviously a lady of "temperament" she takes it for granted that he has fallen in love with her. And she therefore feels the delicacy of the situation rather keenly when Staunton explains that he is merely asking for the hand of her daughter, Doris Bellamy.

As Staunton is a young man with a "background"—which is American for one who comes of good stock—Doris's hand is promptly disposed of. Doris herself does not know her luck yet, but she will soon be getting the news. Incidentally, the young man with a "background" is a penniless artist, while Doris is entitled to a small fortune on arriving at her majority. Mr. Staunton's attitude in the matter is therefore clearly outlined, and later in the play Mr. Lord himself fills in the blanks with the right amount of

RIVAL LOVERS D.S.

Victor Staunton (David Hutcheson) and Gregory Brown (Henry Daniell) nearly come to blows over Doris Bellamy (Marcia Swinburne). In spite of the "background" possessed by Victor, Doris shows a distinct preference for Gregory

emphasis. Mr. Lennox has, of course, no voice in the matter. He, too, is in the real estate industry, but as his wife is preparing to entertain a soulful guest whom common people like Mr. Lennox could not be expected to understand, he is ordered to take his meals in the porch during the exalted visitor's stay.

Mr. Lord duly arrives and is promptly recognised as the missing Bellamy, and there is much consternation in the house accordingly. When Mrs. Lennox has recovered from her natural emotion of the moment she rings up her solicitor for advice, and states the hypothetical case of a servant who married again while her first husband was still alive, and gets the sound legal opinion that the lady in question has got herself into a h—— of a fix, or words to that decorative effect. In due course the two "husbands" meet, and when Mr. Lennox hears of the earthquake dodge he pines to take a hint from such a useful precedent. Presently news comes that a fire has broken out at his office, and he rushes off in the fanciful hope that he may providentially get "lost" in the ruins. But unfortunately the firemen are on the spot too soon, and there are no ruins that can be successfully utilised for the purpose.

Still if we can't succeed it is at least something to have tried.

From this point onwards the play is delightfully inconsequential. The entertainment consists chiefly of sparkling dialogue with the amount of piquancy to be expected from a situation in which a lady having two "husbands" on friendly terms with each other, who exchange confidences freely, is not quite sure which of them she is going to keep. Doris's little love affair comes into the picture at intervals just to vary the interest. She had no idea of accepting Mr. Staunton, the suitor with the "background," as she prefers a young man of the less distinctive name of Brown; but she is afraid her mother's domineering will may prevail over her own, and she may be compelled to take Mr. Staunton in Mr. Brown's absence. Besides, Mr. Brown is only a journalist, and everybody knows that people of that sort never have any money, but live by borrowing half-crowns from each other, to be repaid on some nebulous Saturday.

That is where the good offices of Mr. Lord, alias Bellamy, come in, and the course of true love thenceforward runs with a smoothness that gives the old proverb a very bad twist. Apart from Miss Collier, who is the soul of the play, Mr. George Tully as Philip Lord is quietly humorous and effective; while Mr. David Hutcheson as the young man with the "background," supplies humour of the robuster sort with unqualified success. Quite an interesting and amusing entertainment. JINGLE.

By Batchelor

A DISTINCT CHECK

"I can't understand Smith cutting me like that"

"Oh, you must make allowances for him. He's stone deaf, poor chap"

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

IT is said that "The Yale" will be all the rage at Christmas. So you'll like the Yale at Yule.

. . . . .

A CORRESPONDENT writes to say that he does not object to pyjamas on the stage, as, wherever he goes to the theatre, slumber suits him.

. . . . .

A PHYSICIAN states that everyone should enjoy ten minutes absolute silence every day. One method of ensuring this is to ring up a telephone operator.

. . . . .

AN actress has actually reported the recovery of her lost pearls. Another old farce is in preparation.

. . . . .

SOME old sailors are perturbed over the substitution of orange juice for the present ration of essence of limes. They describe it as a scurvy trick.

. . . . .

"WHAT'S yours, sir?" enquired the barman.

"Some Hollands gin; and make it Schnappy."

. . . . .

AN ice-cream merchant declares there is only one faulty barrow in a month of sundaes.

A DENTIST was reported last week to have committed suicide through sheer ennui. Well, few occupations are more boring.

. . .

AFTER partaking freely of shell-fish an elderly native of Lancashire collapsed. Once more Shakespeare was right when he nearly wrote "Dressed crab and age cannot live together."

. . .

IN certain Italian resorts dogs are not permitted out unless under control. But they are allowed on The Lido.

. . .

THAMES watermen want a new motto to be inscribed on a famous badge. May we suggest, "It's Doggett As Does It."

. . .

AT the White City: "The more I see of men, the more I admire dogs."

. . .

MANY doctors are now recommending peppermints as an aid to digestion. It almost takes our breath away.

STAGE SILHOUETTES

(Miss Anita Elson.)

"In tune and time,
And rhythmic rhyme,"
She dances, agile as a cheetah;
And in technique,
'Tis hard to seek
One who is neater than Anita!

. . . . .

RECENTLY, while trying to attain a high altitude, a light aeroplane crashed. Another case of "The desire of the 'Moth' for the Star."

. . . . .

CERTAIN motor manufacturers have decided to restrict their output. We disapprove of this policy of "car canny."

. . . . .

A WISH

(MR. DAN ROLYAT *is ill, and in distressed circumstances.*)

We trust that every girl and man
Will aid this true comedian,
E'en from Beersheba unto Dan!

. . . . .

A CONTEMPORARY is publishing a series of articles entitled, "What I Should Tell a Girl."

What is usually told them is "the tale."

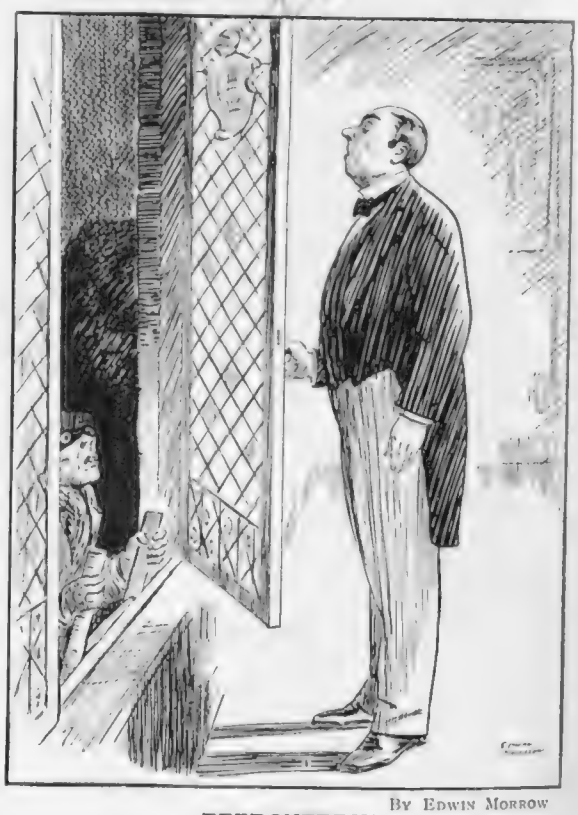
. . . . .

THERE is no foundation for the statement that, next season, the electric hare is to be bobbed.

. . . . .

"DOESN'T Doris dance superbly?"

"Yes; she's as graceful as a young Jazzelle."



By Edwin Morrow

EFFRONTERY!

THE PERFECT BUTLER: "Ah, burglars. Excuse me, but *not* this side of the 'ouse. Round at the back, *if* you please!"

A Star of Britain's Filmland

Alexander Corbett

Miss Alma Taylor, the British film star, who appeared in many pictures produced in this country before the war. She recently starred in the British film "The House of Marney"

BY STAN TERRY

"THE NIGHT CLUB!"

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA *Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI*

"Filmburg, Cal., contains 17% more crimes . . . than any other earthly spot"

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

BEFORE achieving my departures for the so trackless Patagonias (which are the nextly item in my world-wide itinerants and will, I cannot doubt to believe, cause a stupendous sensation in scientific and other academical circles) I must hasten to 1-ce more try and depict adequatelessly my enormous gratitudes for the luscious sympathy I have received almost per daily from the Press and other Anglo-British organs. For instants, Hon. Sir Sydney Webb writing in *Pictorial Statistics* says:

"Prof. Y. Hama, who are non-doubtfully 1 of the most gifted intelligents of our own or anybody else's time, succeeds to disputelessly show that no less as 75.05% of moving-stars are infinitely no better as they should be, and that the notorious Filmburg, Cal., contains 17% more crimes to the cubic inch than any other earthly spot of equal dimensions. No less as 99.007% of the population has suffered divorcings. More as 100% of infantines are born non-teetotalers and educated to believe in private property, meat diets, capital and other wicked and economicless sins. This are a very appallish state of conditions which we cannot hope to improve unless a committee are appointed to sit on them immediately."

Hon. Sir G. B. Shaw in the *Bi-weekly Vegetarian* says:

"Yogo Hama who, next to myself, are the most brilliant-headed person of the day, has executed enormously good works in depicting his so awful disclosures of Filmburg, and it are to the immortal credits of Hon. BYSTANDER that it has so fearlessly lent its pages to these gashly exposings which, for horrors and frights, have not ever been equalled before or since. Are it more as too much to piously hope that our block-headed, brainless and non-intelligent biped carnivora John Bull, will arouse from his beer and beef sodden slumberings and vociferously demand that not any more Filmburg films shall pollute the infantine intelligents of this country till all the moving-stars have pledged to only eat nuts, hay and suchly pure and advanced nutriments?"

Hon. Sir Hall Caine writes in *The Monthly Advertiser*:

"Mr. Y. Hama has exploded a tocsin that all who run may read. I have perused with amazements and consternations his so awful divulgings re Filmburg, Cal. Should it not be a top-hole idea to send per carriage paid, a telegram to Hon. President of Hail Columbia, beseeking him, in the name of our little 1's at home, to immediately root out with tooth and nail this so wicked spot which causes us to shudder with terror at? Surely our great nation can raise sufficient winds to achieve this good and noble task and I enclose 2/6 towards same."

Writing in *The Happy Hour*, Hon. Sir Dean Inge says:

"That parallelless investigator, Mr. Y. Hama, has impictured a condition of affairs in Filmburg, Cal., which shows that our so boasted civilization are not any more as an empty husk, if that. It also proves that my recent prognostics were A.1 and copper-bottomed at Lloyds, when I said that we were more as ½ way to the dogs and should arrive there *p.d.q.* if not quicker. It are an argumentless truth that every day in almost every way we go from more bad to worse. Let the few intelligents among us trust to hope that we shall be more defunct as Queen Anne or herrings,

"Pledged to only eat nuts, hay and suchly pure and advanced nutriments"

before the so awful cataclysmics which I have prognosed imbursts on our heads."

Comrade H. G. Wells in *The Daily Utopist* writes:

"Congratules to my so famous contemporary and brother *literati*, Yogo Hama, whose exposings of Filmburg causes us to enjoy the most profoundish disquiets . . . This are only 1 of the awful results which accrue when our proletarians continue to still be patriotic, love their environments and produce infantines *ad. lib.* Until we . . . have succeeded to entirely disgorge these so mediæval, wicked and foolish ideas . . . and learnt that 1 flag are as good as another and even more so . . . that it are wicked and retrogradish to have more as 1 infantine per wife, that *Rule Britannia* are a pagan, prehistoric and pugilistic piffle . . . until then, we cannot do less as expect to discover Filmburgs and other plagueish spots on our *welt politiks*."

Hon. Sir T. Beecham writes in *The Quarterly Trombone*:

"I are glad to observe that my old friend, Yogo Hama, has picked up his cudgels and delivered a bitter pill to our musicless masses. It are not any wonder what with jazz and suchly classicless syncopations, that scandals like as Filmburg appear in our midsts. It are the educationless and æstheticless productions of this nameless spot which have knocked

"More better to see a Douglas Fairbanks jump into a precipice"

operatics into a completely cocked-hat, so that innumerous persons love more better to see a Douglas Fairbanks jump into a precipice than to see *Samson and his Delilah* in song and dance. Hama's so astounding divulgences are worth more as a guinea a word and should cause an epochal revival in Hon. Sir Beethoven, Handel, Bach and other old, tried and trusted musical performers."

From a very leading article in *The Pork and Dairyman's Gazette*:

"All persons interested in pork and its bye-products, should not miss to read the so illuminating articles in Hon. Bystander by the celebrate Dr. Y. Hama, F.O.B. In his brilliant commentings upon the non-speakable atrocities of Filmburg, Cal., we can read between his lines an awful indictments of Hail Columbian canned porks. It are non-doubtfully due to the increased consumptions of this so-called pork (sometimes *avec* beans) that this country are becoming more and more Columbianized in speech, taste and intelligents (*sic*). The moral are plainer as a pikestaff. Let us eat only Anglo porks in all their branches and we shall succeed to recover our s proud and glorious position as the leading pork country of the world."

And now, having performed these epochal exposures, I shall nextly depict my hair-erecting and non-parallelled adventurings in the Patagonias. Th depictions will throw some enormously new lights on the *floras, faunas* and other big games of this so mysterious and non-explored ¼ of the globe.

Yogo Hama

IN DIPLOMATIC CIRCLES *Hay Wrightson*

A charming photograph of the Hon. Lady Erskine, wife of the Hon. Sir William Erskine, with her two daughters, Cynthia and Margaret. Her husband, who is the brother of the Earl of Mar and Kellie, is British Minister Plenipotentiary to Bulgaria. Before her marriage Lady Erskine was Miss Georgie Viola Eleanor Ward, daughter of the late Mr. William Humble Dudley Ward

BY HAROLD EARNSHAW

CLOSE OF PLAY

THE LE(D)

Francis F Mills

IE LE(D)GER

BY JACK GORDGE

BY HOWARD K. LLLOCK

LIP SALVAGE

"What the dickens are you doing here?"

THE FEMININE TOUCH

By L. T. BARNARD

Illustration by STANLEY LLOYD

SIMON MISSENDON moved uneasily in his bed. A noise down the stairs, as of something dropped, had wakened him, and he peered sleepily over the bed-clothes. A clock on the stairs landing struck one o'clock.

Missendon listened intently for some few moments, and then, not hearing another suspicious noise, he dropped his head to the pillow again. In another instant he opened wide his eyes and strained them through the gloom, for he dimly detected the noise of someone fumbling at his bedroom door.

He thought ruefully of the electric switch placed at the other side of the room, and debated whether to spring to that or hurl himself on the intruder. The door opened and a dim figure entered the room. Missendon lay still, his breath coming fitfully and his mind momentarily unbalanced.

The intruder swiftly crossed the room and Missendon could have sworn that he heard the swish-swish of a woman's skirt. A beam of light played round the room and flashed on Missendon's face, blinding him with its brilliance. Then the beam was erased, the electric switch was pressed, and the entire room flooded with light. Missendon blinked owlishly at the slim back of the midnight marauder; a girl of about twenty-five, so far as he could judge, with an Eton cropped head and enveloped in a fashionable coat.

The thought of a young girl entering his room at past midnight sent Missendon's mind into chaos, and he could only make weird noises in his throat. The girl turned quickly, and Missendon perceived that a black mask was across her face, but the mask failed to hide the cupid's bow of her lips or her impudent, tip-tilted nose.

"Goo' Lord," muttered Missendon weakly. There was an awkward silence. Missendon wondered wildly what his next move should be, for the girl was obviously a burglar. Then:

"Well," said the girl calmly.

"W—well," spluttered Missendon, struggling up in his bed, exposing to view his brilliant pyjamas and then hugging the bed sheets closer to him. "W—well. It—it seems it's jolly well not well—I—I mean, what the dickens are you doing here?"

The girl fumbled in a pocket, procured a cigarette, and lit it impudently.

"Doing here?" she queried, and Missendon noticed her pencilled eyebrows raise above the black velvet strip. "Now what would I be doing here but for loot, or, as I think my rougher male contemporaries call it, swag!" She exhaled cigarette smoke calmly, waiting his reply.

Missendon became angry. To be disturbed during a night's sleep was bad enough, but after that to be told coolly that his visitor was after his valuables, without even taking into consideration what he (Missendon) would do, was intolerable.

"A woman burglar, eh? And I suppose you think I shall be fool enough to let you take all my stuff, escort you to the door, and say 'Good-night' peaceably," he said sneeringly.

"Oh, no," murmured the girl. "I shan't trouble you to see me off the premises. I know my way about quite well, thank you, and the swag bag won't be heavy." Missendon leaped out of his bed and quickly donned his dressing-gown. The girl still nonchalantly smoked her cigarette.

"And what's to prevent me from detaining you and 'phoning for the police," burst out Missendon. "I'm stronger than you, and you haven't flourished a revolver under my nose, as all accredited burglars do!"

"Weapons of violence, such as revolvers and loaded sticks," said the girl coolly, "are not the slightest use to me. I have a more useful weapon behind me." Missendon stared incredulously.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"Behind you! Be—— What the devil do you mean?"

"The Divorce Court," said the girl, calmly.

"D—divorce Court!" stuttered Missendon.

"Yes, Divorce Court. Quite a useful institution, you know." The girl's lips curved into a smile. "Do you know, I believe I am the only person who has realised the importance of the Divorce Court in relation to house-breaking." Through the mask her eyes gazed mockingly at Missendon.

. "But let me explain, because I'm in rather a hurry."

"You see," she went on, "I choose me—er—clients very carefully. I like wealthy clients, naturally, but it is also necessary that they shall have jealous wives." Missendon started violently, and the girl smiled. "Touched you on the raw, eh? . . . But as I was saying, they must have jealous wives. I go to a good deal of trouble in making investigations as to my clients'—er—home life, and then I know that I'm safe.

"F'rinstance, your wife is fearfully jealous, is she not? Threatened divorce proceedings more than once, eh? And to-day, or rather yesterday, you and she quarrelled again, and she has gone away for a few days. Given all the servants a moment's notice, too! Am I right?" Missendon glared at her dumbly.

"So, dare you 'phone for the police, Mr. Missendon," asked the girl mockingly. "Think of the scene? Young girl in married man's apartments during the wife's absence! No servants in the house! Obviously an assignation, eh? And of course I shall play up to that if you do send for the police, and I have those letters from you to substantiate my claim."

"Letters from me. Letters from me!"

"Well, shall we say, they appear to be letters from you. Quite good forgeries, anyway; well enough to pass any official test, if I may be allowed to praise myself. Believe me, I make all my plans *very* carefully, and if you should be foolish enough to 'phone for the police——," she shrugged her shoulders eloquently.

"Well, I'm d—— jiggered," muttered Missendon blankly. He paused for some moments in thought, and then brightening up he said, "You've forgotten a few little items my astute young lady. Your mask, for instance, how can you explain that when the police come, and I daresay you have some house-breaking tools somewhere about you."

"My tools? Oh, I've hidden them away very securely, and I'll defy anyone to discover them. I always do that first, in case I should be discovered. And the mask? Why, have we not, dear Mr. Missendon, just returned from the Arts Ball?" She flirted open her coat. "And didn't you so admire my evening frock?" Missendon caught a glimpse of a low cut and shimmering evening dress.

"I'm well prepared, you see," said the girl, coolly. "And now will you let me get on with my business, or shall you 'phone for the police? . . . You know what you risk if you 'phone, eh? Those letters shown, particularly that last passionate epistle of yours—my pathetic story of dinner parties and night clubs—and last, but not least, if I know your wife, Mrs. Missendon's jealousy. Dare you risk it?"

Missendon could only stare at her silently. His position was just as she outlined; his wife was fearfully and insanely jealous, and would only be too glad to seize on such an incident. And the letters! . . . The masked girl's very nonchalance impressed Missendon. He waved his hand helplessly.

"Get on with it," he said, tersely. "I'm helpless."

"And wise," murmured the girl.

She busied herself searching the room, and then visited the others, cramming a leather case with the valuables.

"I've taken your wife's jewels," she said, as she returned to the bedroom. "She evidently forgot to take them, so I'll remedy her carelessness. It really serves her right for being so jealous, don't you think?" Missendon's gloomy face reluctantly burst into a smile. "That's it," murmured the girl, "I'm glad you can see the funny side of this. . . . And now I'll be toddling. Night-night!" Missendon heard her step down the stairs and open the street door. He cursed softly but expressively.

* * *

The girl hurried down the road and at the corner was met by a dark figure. "All O.K.," muttered the latter, clutching at the girl's leather bag.

"Sure, Jim, worked it a treat once again. Heaps better than the old hit-and-run method in case of an emergency. . . . But this rig-out is dam' awkward, and I hate this red stuff on my lips." But, chuckling deeply, Ferdie de Beaton, one time "star" female impersonator on the music hall circuits, said, "I'm hanged if I ever thought I'd be able to rake in so much dough out of my female character studies, Jimmy, old chap!" L. T. B

THE COLOUR QUESTION By Lunt Roberts

"Really, Joan, I didn't think you'd come out in a mauve costume in a vermilion car!"
"Why not? After all, this is only a black and white drawing!"

From Our Portrait Gallery

Marian Lewis

The latest portrait of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, who before her marriage was Miss Brenda Woodhouse, daughter of Mr. Robert Woodhouse, formerly of Orford House, Ugley, Bishop's Stortford. Lord Dufferin and Ava, who is the third Marquess, was Speaker of the Senate of Northern Ireland in 1921 and 1925

Men and Women of Action

Photographs

CAPT. C. H. BRASSEY AND THE HON. MRS. BRASSEY

Sport and General

LORD INVERCLYDE

Two photographs of Lord Inverclyde's shoot at Gare Loch, Clynder, in Dumbartonshire. The rain was unfortunately very much in evidence

Sport and General

IN NORTHUMBERLAND

Miss Kathleen Smith and Miss Eleanor Dalgleish, who met in the final round of the Girls' Open Singles at the Alnwick Tournament. The former gained the victory

J. C. H. Balmain

AT NORTH BERWICK

Dr. Bradden (left), Mrs. Walter Neilson, Miss Helen Barr and Mr. Barr, the finalists in the Mixed Doubles Tournament on the Redcroft Courts at North Berwick for the Esmond Cup. Forty couples entered, the winners being Miss and Mr. Barr

in the Camera's Eye

THE "YOUNGSTERS" ON PARADE *Alfieri*

A parade in the judging ring of some keen horsemen and horsewomen of the younger generation and their ponies. The photograph was taken at the Children's Pony Show and Gymkhana at Cloutsham

Sport and General

A SOLEMN MOMENT

Hobbs being bowled by Haig in the match between Surrey and Middlesex at Lord's. The attitude of the Middlesex wicket-keeper seems to epitomise the solemnity of the occasion

Topical

AN ENGLISH VICTORY

Fiddian, of England, being chaired after his victory over Forbes, of Scotland, in the final of the Boys' Golf Championship at Barnton. After a match which aroused considerable interest, he won by 4 and 2

A FLYING VISIT *Topical*

In the most literal sense of the term was paid to London by Mr. William Brock (right) and Mr. Edward Schlee, who are seen looking over the City from the roof of their hotel. Crossing the Atlantic was the first stage in their attempt to fly round the world

G.P.U.

A FIGHTING FINISH

The finish of the August Handicap Plate at Gatwick. Mr. L. P. Smith's Blacon (Burns up) is seen second from the left beating Lady Ludlow's Longquill by a head. Blacon started at 100-8 against

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"Is merely shy in demonstration"

Mes Amis—

There was a time when I used to have a very strong liking—almost an affection, although I did not know him personally—for the Abbé Moreux. He tells one in a weekly article so many interesting things about the stars and sun spots and the charms of the seasons and in a kind of paternal way that nobody else seemed to approach. But my liking has ceased all of a sudden. And I doubt if it will ever return, because it appears to me that he has sinned past all forgiveness.

It happened like this. It occurred to the Abbé that he is one of the few persons who are qualified to pronounce authoritatively on the weather, and he forthwith let loose a mass of unpleasant knowledge on a world already full of griefs and sorrows. He presumed to say that we were entirely unjustified in complaining about this vile summer, and that we should recognise that in 1928, which would be about thirteen times as bad. Then, having got thoroughly away among the elements of disagreeableness, he added that the "summers" would go progressively worse till 1934, when we might hope for a return of the soft summer sunshine and balmy zephyrs that we have heard our more venerable ancestors talk about.

Now, can you see anything that can possibly be presented in mitigation of an offence against suffering humanity which attains such colossal proportions? Especially when you remember that people used to be hanged for stealing a sheep, while those who were suspected of dealing in "black magic" or possessing sinister knowledge were accorded only the sink-or-swim chance after being thoroughly knotted in cords and pitched into a slimy pond. I mean, anybody possessing such calamitous information, or believing himself in possession thereof, should certainly not broadcast it among his poor fellows, who consider themselves already sufficiently victimised by having to endure the perishing rigours of the present frigorified summer without being called upon to fight with nightmares called up by the thought of even worse ones to come. The Abbé Moreux must be classed among the "blighters." He seeks not merely to add blight to blight, but to cube it with the most frightful of coefficients. May he live long enough to shiver and writhe through all the years of *mauvais temps* that he predicts, is the only fitting retribution for his ineffable crime!

"Through all the years of *mauvais temps*"

I know I shall be joined in this imprecation by a man with whom I recently played a round on a golf course in the neighbourhood of Brittany. He has been travelling all over France trying to find a region in which he could play without being upset by some external influence on his nerves—the most jangled it has ever been my misfortune to come across, and I know more than a few nerve-racked golfers. He found rain and tempestuous winds wherever he went, except on the Riviera—and there it was too hot. When he arrived in this north-western corner the sun was shining comfortably and the winds were taking a rest, but by the time he had done the first nine in 37 the sun had abandoned the contest before a western gale that brought torrents of icy cold water, and lost children were shrieking for their parents as he struck off from tees near a road.

After a succession of sevens and eights at shortish holes he presented his magnificent set of clubs to a caddy, who nearly rent his face irreparably by a grin of delight; informed me that he was going straight to Paris where he would buy every new book on sale, and that he would not set foot out of doors for six months. He did go straight back to Paris. I pity the Abbé Moreux if this gentleman should feel an urge for physical violence. He would certainly have strangled

(*Continued on page 448*)

A "Capital" Favourite

Hal Linden

A new portrait of Mlle. Jeanne Aubert clothed in the ermine of stardom on the stage. This brilliant French actress and singer is well known to Londoners, as she appeared in the "Midnight Follies" last summer; and now, after playing the principal part in "Gay Paris" at the Winter Garden, New York, she has returned to maintain the gaiety of Paris (France) by filling the gap left by Mistinguett at the Moulin Rouge

two of the shrieking infants if I had not been able to divert his attention.

HE does happen to be cursed with a vengeful spirit. I learned how he had "taken it out of" the committee of one club he had visited and at which he was called upon, against his desire, to join in a match against another local club. By chance he was sent out last, and this irritated him. When he learned that the result depended on him—if he lost, the other side tied—he saw his opportunity. He knew they would all be waiting for his return, although the weather was so disgusting that everyone wanted to get home, and, though he won comfortably by four and three, he induced his opponent to play on to the end.

AS the crowd waiting at the clubhouse saw them drive off from the eighteenth tee they presumed the match depended on the last hole, particularly as the home representative appeared to be playing with the grim desperation of a man with a last chance. They were afraid to shout a question for fear of distracting him, so, though the rain was pelting down, they collected round the green to watch the critical putts. He was the farthest away, and, with increasing nervousness, they watched him wander about the green for some three minutes, studying his putt from every possible angle. Then they gasped as he finished three yards short and the opponent ran up dead.

"Embrasse moi, Fernande"

When he sank this one the secretary and about a score of others yelled, "Did you win?" "Oh, yes, by four and three," he answered. "I hope you weren't waiting just for that." Should he visit that club again he is pretty secure from an invitation to play for the local team.

'Presented his set of clubs to a caddy"

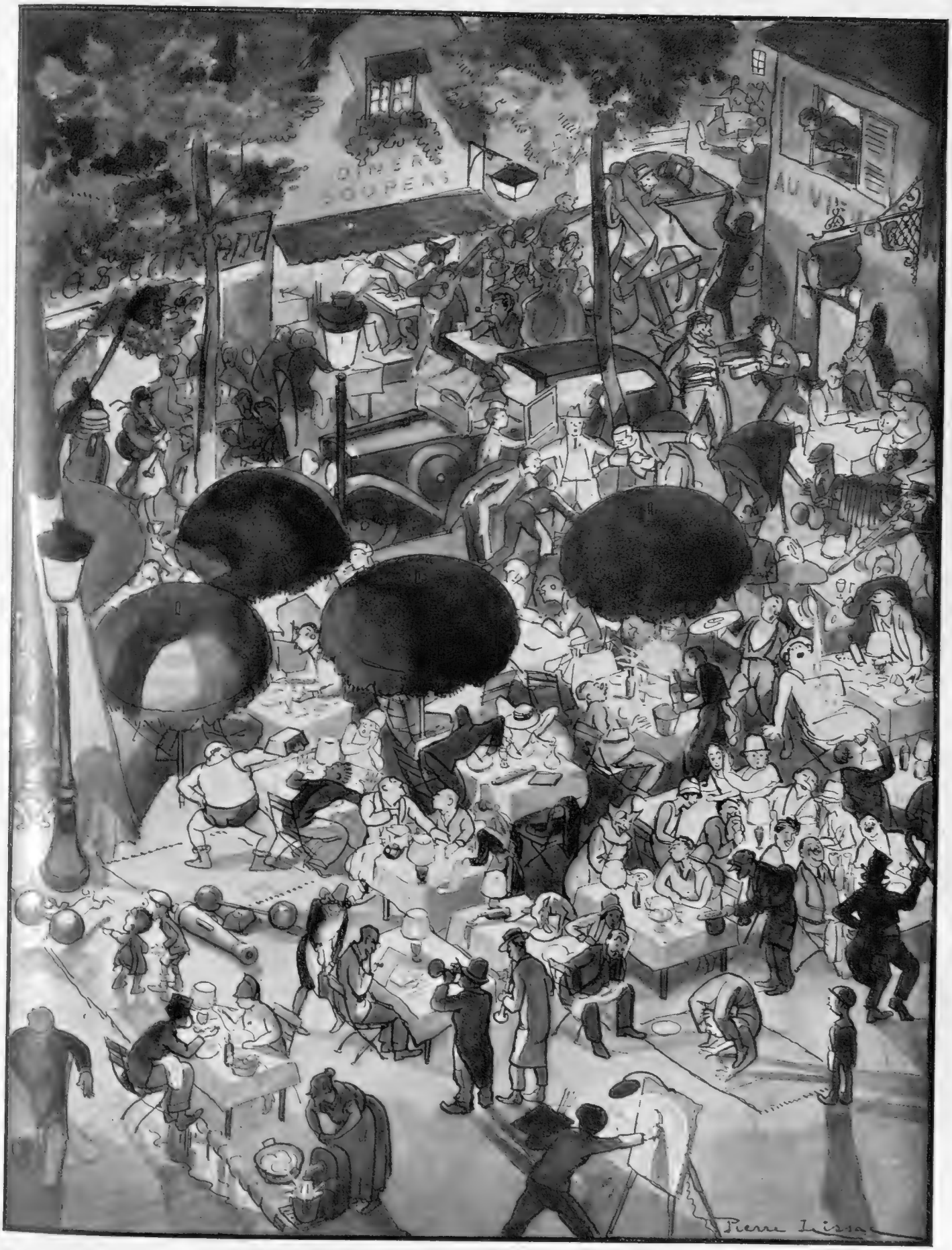
IT has just been decided by the people who lead the opinion of Paris that the heart is becoming fashionable again. For the past six years the heart has been distinctly *pas à la mode*, not merely in the writings of the younger cynical novelists and playwrights, but also *dans la vie*, where it became utterly out of fashion to allow one's self to be swayed into a revelation of sentiment. *En effet* there seemed to be a danger that some of the younger ones would grow up without knowing that such a state of being had ever existed. *Pauvres enfants* who would have been without a trace of susceptibility to the influence of moonlight on the waters when in the company of what might have been a twin soul!

BUT there is hope for them now. Pierre Lagarde has interviewed a number of leading French writers, and virtually all of them agree that the moment has arrived for affairs of the heart to be brought back into the scheme of things. Paul Claudel, one of the rare authors who admit that they read the works of other writers, was able to cite a dozen recent books in which the heart "was exposed to all the winds." There is scarcely anyone but Paul Souday who voices the contrary view, Souday contending that the younger generation is too egotistic as the result of indulgence in sport. But the famous critic of *Le Temps* is usually over-pessimistic. I would rather believe my old friend Jean Giraudoux, who says that *la jeunesse* is merely shy in demonstration. Probably it is lack of practice. We older ones will have to set them an example. *Embrasse moi*, Fernande.

RENÉ.

Pierre Lissac

The Fun of the Fare



PIERRE LISSAC

In the Place du Tertre in Montmartre the seeker after novelty will find all that his heart desires—and more—by dining *au grand air*. The dinner itself is only of secondary importance : the *divertissements* take first place. He must be a hungry man indeed who cannot be consoled for the interruptions of his meal by the variety of the entertainers who are attracted in throngs by the prospect of a rich harvest from the visitors

THAT AUTUMN FEELING

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"And the greatest of these . . . . is oysters"

LONDON, *September* 5.

DEAR COUSIN—

CAN it be and is it poss. that quietly and furtively and all unbeknownst, so to speak, we've passed yet once more the threshold of what they call a Season? Those strange, intangible barriers that divide the year up like the four quarters of an orange—only the quarters are always different sizes, and you never know quite when you've finished with the last or started on a fresh one. Wherefore, methinks, on the whole, *grâce à Dieu*, seeing the terrible and devastating dullness of accuracy and time-tables and all that sort of thing . . . who *would* want to live an A.B.C. life or *vie à la* Bradshaw? Answer being, I suppose, quite lots, only, thank Heaven and praise be to the saints, they don't too often come *my* way.

BUT does really seem as if somehow and silently and without making any fuss about it—all in the midst of the sound and fury and loud lamentings about how badly summer's been treating us, and people measuring rainfalls daily and telling each other solemnly there's been nothing quite like it since the Flood, or, anyway, about 1863—softly edging its way through the tumult and the shouting there has stolen upon us . . . Autumn. Already there have come the first of those early mists, mysterious cloaks of the morning that veil the world so secretly for an hour or two after dawn, and then dissolve in a hot sunshine of the very goldenest kind. Rich red begins to tinge that cherished Virginia creeper, and on the pear tree in my garden the fruit seems to be positively crying out to be picked. Also here and there, by single spies, if not in battalions, even the wealthiest wanderers are apparently winging their way home here and there to England, home and first-nights at the theatres. . . Yes, in truth and good sooth, do believe autumn's more or less at hand, not to say here.

THOUGH why not, and methinks on the whole and by and by all very much really to the good. Ancient poets and people, of course, having put in a lot of sob-stuff about autumn being the time of decay and darker evenings and collecting your furs out of cold storage, and all that kind of thing. But what *they* knew of life wasn't, after all, so terribly worth knowing. Fact being that just about autumn time Life quite often gets simply heaps more worth living than ever before. Sort of moment, I mean, when all the storm and stress is over, summer having done its dashedest, and quite probably failed, but anyway whatever happens there's a sort of summery fever, isn't there, that makes it simply terribly hard to settle down to anything while it's on. Always feel you want to chase the flying hours, so to speak—and such lots of 'em, too, aren't there, ever since we got Summer Time. Whereas in autumn . . .

WELL, a sort of peacefulness, meseems, wherever you are. Nice, well-warmed-up water in the sea if you happen to be around there, and it gets dark so fairly early you don't even mind coming in to dress for dinner after that round or two of golf, seeing that, anyway, you couldn't have played many holes more, however full of verve, pep and vim. And, if in Town, oh, simply millions of things to do, and once more not that terrible feeling any more than you're somehow being rather immoral when you dress up in broad daylight to go to a show of sorts. *Première*, say, at the Strand or Duke of York's or Garrick or the New, *plus* dinner or supper or dance *chez* Princes or the Savoy or Ritz or Tricity (where Billie Barnes so joyfully conducts the band and Germaine and Blunt do some of the gracefullest dancing ever). Or Claridge's or the Carlton or the Troc. with its pleasant little "Champagne Time" affair that so skilfully drowns the post-theatre clash of knives and forks and popping of corks and suchlike necessities of a night-time existence here in London Town.

ALSO not to be forgotten that there's an "R" in it now, the month I mean, and as the popular poet said . . would have if he'd thought of it . . . .

> Remember, remember
> The month of September—
> Partridges, oysters and what-not.

Or words to that effect—I know there's a third thing, and probably sausages now I come to think of it, but that wouldn't scan *or* rhyme with "plot," so it's simply got to be left outside somewhere and we'll call it an envoi or refrain or something so's not to hurt its feelings. Shall us? Let's. And the greatest of these, as

"There's a new scheme just on the *tapis* to cut out tips"

someone remarked somewhere, is oysters. Partridge is good (said she greedily), likewise the humble though savoury sausage, but neither can ever even hope to begin to touch or approach, can it, the exquisite exoticity of the oyster or succulent bivalve (sometimes so called for short). The world's mine oyster, said someone famous once, but the oyster's my world, says Blanchette when sitting hungrily down to a *souper à deux* after the play . . . to every damsel a dozen or two, as the Psalmist or someone remarked—one doz. if it's been a good show and two if bad, 'cos after all you must have some sort of consolation, what? And seen one or two positively three-dozen kind of plays lately, we have, haven't we?

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Some quite nice plays there are around anyway, mark my words, and also not altogether unamusing some of 'em. As *e.g.* and *par exemple*, a little affair they call *Fresh Fruit* at the Court. Which said theatre is quite a long way off from everywhere, but was after all fairly well discovered even by the mere Londoner in the last few years or so while *The Farmer's Wife* was having its run of a thousand or so nights there. And to see and hear Mr. Morton Selten is alone quite worth the price of admission, as the saying goes. An elderly peer he is in the play, you see, and this woman Claire, you see, who's Helen Haye in the cast, you see, is one of *ces dames*, you see (that's how someone started telling *me* the plot before I went, so I don't see why you shouldn't share anyway a *bit* of my sufferings).

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But quite a refined kind she is—no, says she to one of her friends, I don't do week-ends, only big business. Which I rather wonder the Censor or the translator or whoever it was left in, because all the rest of it, which is all from the French, has got so terribly proper in course of transmission, as they say, that quite a lot of the points seem to have rather wilted and drooped. . . . And after all, if you tell a naughty story with all the naughty parts left out it's liable to be hardly fit even for the drawing-room, *n'est-ce pas?* Not to mention the fact that drawing-rooms simply aren't *done* here in England now, but that's by the way. And anyway Mr. Selten's so amazingly and super-brilliantly funny about it all he carries the whole show through on his own shoulders.

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Also another quite fairly but not too terribly amusing show I saw at the good old Adelphi the other night—*Up with the Lark*, to wit. Wherein Allen Kearns is awfully nice and frequently funny, and Anita Elson and Billie Hill quite pleasantly sweet, and there's some quite nice remarks about "high blonde pressure" and "Saturdays to Undies" and that sort or kind of thing, and yet . . And yet, d'you know, I did truly and honestly at last at this particular aforesaid show come to believe that there *is* some truth in what they say about wanting honest-to-goodness stars to carry off an affair like this. Mr. Leslie Henson or Mr. Laddie Cliff, or even Mr. W. H. Berry or Mr. Norman Griffin, would have made all the difference in the world. Not so much because they can sing or dance, but because they've got that wonderful and rare gift of the gods, personality. It's not their fault or anyone else's, but oh, how it counts, what?

"*Plus* dinner or supper or dance"

"There has stolen upon us . . . Autumn"

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A personality, anyway, *sans* any sort of *doute*, Pavlova has, who's going to start just a shortish season of dancing at Cov. Garden next week—most divinely exquisite creature of any that have ever floated across any stage, in my time at least, and I wouldn't mind betting a couple of generations back, what's more. And simply tremendously admired she is, am told, across the water—which reminds me, quite terrific homeward rush of Americanos at the present moment, Yurrup having been thoroughly "done" and every bit of lil' ole London incidentally visited and when found made a note of. With net result that our waiters anyway have learnt quite a lot of the language—which reminds me there's a new scheme just on the *tapis* to cut out tips altogether and put ten per cent. on the bill instead, like they do in Italy. Be a regular boon and blessing to men, wouldn't it, *and* women, but can't quite see it ever happening in dear old conservative England, can you?

With love, Yours ever,

Blanchette.

Illustrations

Owing to an oversight, the name of Miss Helen McKie appeared in the heading to last week's letter from Blanchette. Miss McKie having been temporarily indisposed, the illustrations to the article in question were furnished by Mr. Norman Keene.

HORSE-RACING REFORM

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

ALARMED by the success of Greyhound Racing, the Jockey Club, it is rumoured, proposes to issue new rules for the conduct of horse-racing. Will they be anything like these?

1. Owners wishing to enter a horse for a race shall hand over their animals to the Racecourse Company's own trainer one fortnight before the day of the race.

2. The Racecourse Company's own trainer shall be the sole authority as to the race in which the horse shall compete.

3. The Racecourse trainer shall be guided as to the grouping of horses by the times taken by individual horses in gallops without jockeys over a selected track.

4. All jockeys are abolished.

5. The owner must reveal the age of the horse entered to the Horse-Racing Association, but this shall be a secret between them and shall not be revealed to the public either by word of mouth or on the race-card.

6. The six permitted starters shall have a horse-box each, and these shall be placed side by side at the starting-post.

7. The starters shall have their boxes thrown open simultaneously.

8. Prior to the start the horses shall be shown a dummy stable-lad holding out a nose-bag filled with oats.

9. This device shall be electrically controlled so as always to travel faster than the horses.

10. In the event of the device not travelling faster and therefore getting devoured, the race shall be declared void.

11. In the event of the said device travelling too fast, so that it cannot be seen round corners by the competing horses, it is realised that the horses may stop. Race void.

12. In the event of the horses stopping to fight and severely injuring each other, all competitors will be shot, so saving the void business.

13. Should horses on opening of boxes lie down therein or come out and proceed to graze, the race shall be declared void.

14. Should a fight take place at the finishing post, and should a horse, when attacking another, push his opponent's hind-quarters across the finishing line, the pushed horse shall be regarded as having won by a length.

15. All races declared void shall be re-run after the last race, if any.

16. Horses shall be paraded before each race and led by stablemen dressed as butchers. (Blue-and-white striped apron and straw hat.)

17. Before being boxed horses shall be patted by "gents" in evening dress.

It only remains to add that in all probability the Union Jack will be flown in the centre of the racecourse in order to give the proceedings a look of being English.

GREYHOUND racing enthusiasts say that theirs is the sport of kings. Yet certainly towards the end of the course there is no "hare apparent."

. . . .

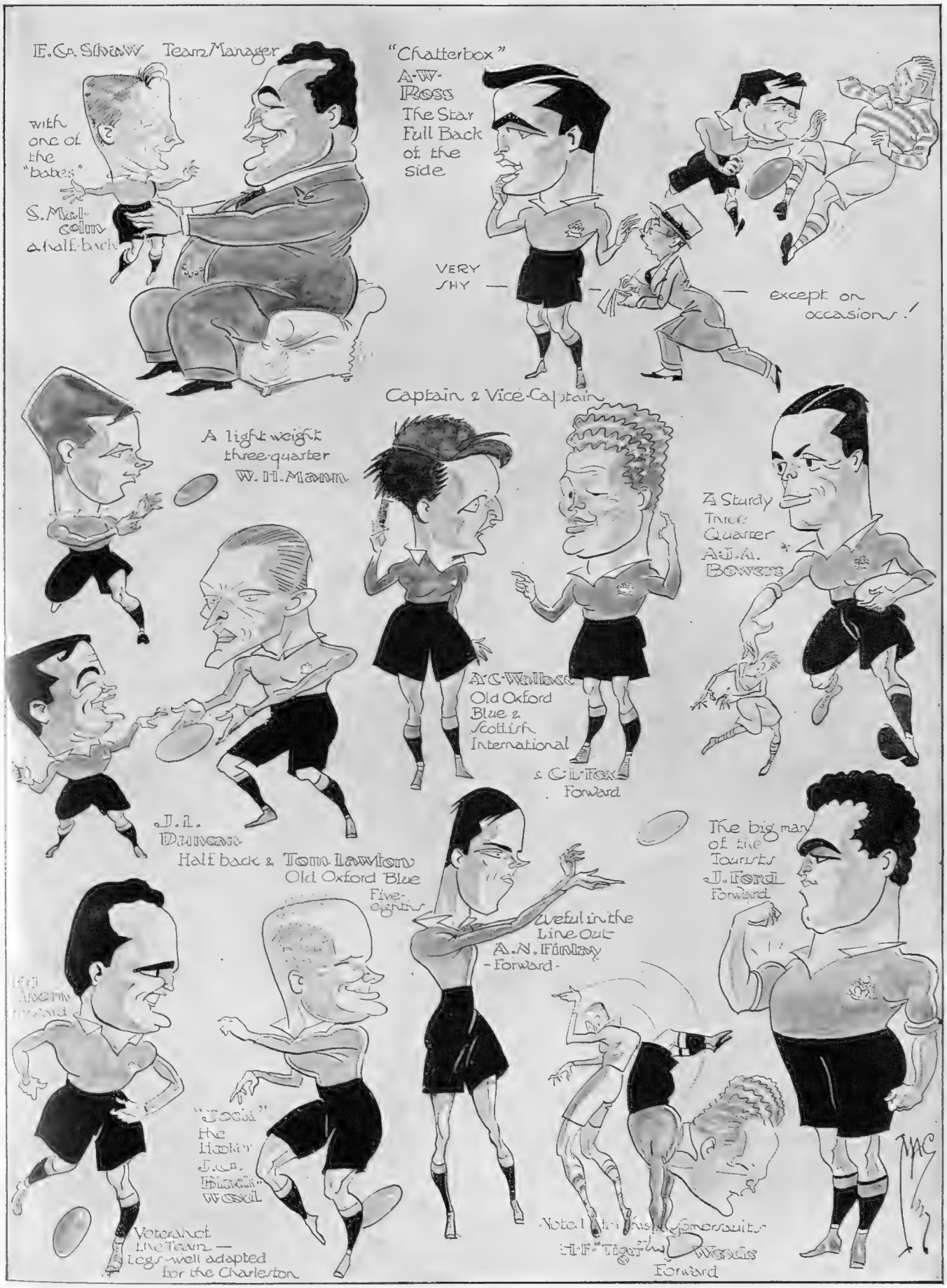
IT is queried whether Sir J. M. Barrie's plays will endure. But surely he will always be in the Peter Pantheon of authors.

LINDSAY CABLE

RE-DRESS NEEDED

SHE: "It does seem a shame that a woman should be hampered with a skirt when playing golf whilst you men are absolutely free!"

Introducing the Waratahs



Some impressions of members of the New South Wales Rugby Football XV who have arrived in England for their tour. They are playing in a practice match against Plymouth Albion to-day (Wednesday) before meeting the combined Devon and Cornwall side at Devonport on September 17

Golfing Days at Gleneagles

Topical

LORD MARSHALL OF CHIPSTEAD

Topical

MAJOR FALCONER AND COLONEL MEIKLEJOHN

Central Press

LORD DALMENY

Topical

THE EARL OF EGMONT AND MR. HAZELL

Central Press

THE EARL OF MAR AND KELLIE (left) AND LORD MONTAGU

Golfers have been busy making the most of the spell of fine weather the summer has accorded us at long last. Above are seen some of those who have been busy with club and ball on the famous links at Gleneagles

"All the Winners" at Home and Abroad

AT THE COURTS OF YOUTH

A group at the Surrey Junior Championships. Miss Betty Nuthall's brother, J. W. Nuthall, and P. V. V. Sherwood were the Boys' Singles finalists, and Miss A. M. Yorke and Miss B. Bridges met in the final of the Girls' Singles

BRAWN TO THE FORE *Topical*

Jack Liddell, of Haydon Bridge, a winner in the wrestling events at the Whittingham Games, receiving his trophy from Mr. G. Brown. The star wrestlers of the North Country gathered at this Northumberland meeting

Topical

A WHITE CITY PRIZEWINNER

Mr. C. G. Darrol with his greyhound, Man o' War, and his trainer, J. Harmon. Man o' War won the King of Spain's Cup at the White City, but appears to have found other matters more interesting when photographed

A WIN FOR ENGLAND *Keystone*

D. G. A. Lowe winning the 400 Metres Flat race in the triangular contest between the Achilles Club, of England, the Berlin Sports Club and the Germany Sports Club at Berlin. England came out on top, with Berlin second and the Germany Sports Club third

THE HARVEST MOON

WHERE TO FIND RACE DOGS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

A great month, this September of the harvest, not only for farmers, and shooting men, and oyster-lovers, but for Britain's Dogs—a community of over three million—and all the many humans who are specially interested in their care and culture. Only three weeks now to the most important exhibition of the year: the Kennel Club's sixty-sixth annual Show, at the Crystal Palace, which is going to beat all records. From activities toward in all the leading kennels of the land, lots of the Dogs themselves have premonitions about it by now. The 28th and the 29th are the days, and should be booked as an engagement not to be missed. And a month later, in the same venue, will come the big Show in aid of the rebuilding fund of the Royal Veterinary College. At this Show competition will be keen for the magnificent Gold Cup presented by Spillers for the best Dog, either sex. On practically every day of last month Spillers were benching and feeding all exhibits at a Show in some part of the country.

A reader of these Notes, just now holiday-making in the West Country, writes with enthusiasm regarding the Greyhounds of Cornwall, and, in particular, about two young Hounds he has bought there and intends to put into training forthwith for racing. "Aspirants on the look-out for future White City stars should tour the Duchy. It's a regular Tom Tiddler's ground. The gorgeous moorland country and so-called 'waste ground,' which make it a paradise for sport, have encouraged lots of good fellows to breed Greyhounds as pals and for occasional private coursing. The well-known coursing centres are a long way off, and considerations of expense keep most of these Hounds out of the National Greyhound Stud Book; but their type and form are superb, and it's here the dark horses will come from. Mr. Harry Peake's kennels at Liskeard opened my eyes, and I have seen some real fliers since then."

It seems The Bystander is on tap in some hotels of Poland, as well as everywhere else; but not in all of them, for one reader has just changed his evening cocktail house of call to ensure weekly access to it. "The Doggy news has a special flavour here because of the dead set against Dogs in Poland; possibly due to the influx of starving and diseased animals from Russia. The Dog taxes have been raised to an almost prohibitive level, and serious newspapers advocate the wholesale slaughter of the race. It's a regular pogrom."

The unwholesome pampering of indoor-living Dogs is now happily so definitely out of fashion that the question is no longer a live one, but it is interesting to note that such a medical authority as Sir William Arbuthnot Lane has been laying it down that, given rational care and attention, no risks attach to keeping Dogs in the home. In this matter Dogs and humans are in the same boat: if either lack rational feeding, grooming and exercise, they become unpleasant companions. By the same token Dogs, Alsatian or otherwise, who lack rational education and control, can be a nuisance, and even a danger, outside the home; and nobody is more keenly alive to this than the breeders and understanding admirers of such animals as the Alsatian. Nine times out of ten it is upon his owner—his human associates—rather than his breed that the unpleasant and ill-behaved Dog reflects discredit.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

MAJORITY BIDDING

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

I fancy that by this time most of the opponents of majority bidding must have revised their opinions, and have discovered how much it adds to the interest and variety of the game. Of course there are a few "diehards" who will never surrender. Having once taken up the position that majority bidding is pernicious they stick to their views with pertinacious tenacity. Neither arguments nor facts will move them.

You may call it strength of will or you may call it obstinacy. Undoubtedly it is an admirable thing to have strong convictions and to adhere to them.

But at games you can carry the principle too far. In card games especially there is no finality. When they cease to evolve they die. One should live and learn, keep a receptive mind, and be always ready to test new ideas.

I admire the attitude of those who have the courage to confess they were wrong. Many players I know who used to swear at majority bidding now swear by it.

. . . . . .

You may play several rubbers where the issue is not raised at all. Then you may have a series of games and rubbers where majority bidding makes all the difference. I have been watching and noting carefully the occasions where it does come in, and they are sufficiently numerous to justify the statement that majority bidding does alter the character of the game.

A correspondent at the Cavendish Club has been kind enough to send me an interesting hand from play which is one of many examples in my possession and illustrates how the ability to bid up in a minor suit affects the issue.

S.—None.
H.—K, Q, 10, 7, 2.
C.—J, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4.
D.—3.

S.—K, 8, 7, 3.
H.—A, 9, 6, 4.
D.—A, J, 10, 8, 2.
C.—None.

	Y	
A		B
	Z	

S.—A, J, 6, 5, 4.
H.—J, 8, 5, 3.
D.—K, Q, 9, 7.
C.—None.

S.—Q, 10, 9, 2.
H.—None
D.—6, 5, 4
C.—A, K, Q, 10, 3, 2.

Score: Game all; A B, 20 in rubber game. The bidding was: A, "One No Trump"; Y, "Three Clubs"; B, "Three Spades"; Z, "Four Clubs"; A, "Four Spades"; Y, "Five Clubs"; B, "Five Spades"; Z, "Six Clubs"; A, "Double." All pass.

I give the bidding as it occurred.

Y's original bid of "Three Clubs" is enough to make one shiver, but no doubt it was in the nature of a flag-flier at the score.

The point of the example, however, is that Z was able to carry up the bidding to "Six Clubs"!

Under the old scoring he could have said nothing over "Five Spades," and Y would have been deprived of the opportunity of making game and rubber.

It is true that B could not have made five Spades. He must must lose two Hearts and two Spades. But if the bid had been left he would have saved the game very cheaply. As it was Y made "Six Clubs," losing only one Diamond.

Of course you may say that this is a freak hand and freak bidding. But all the same it illustrates the possibilities of majority bidding.

Winning Personalities in the Dog World

MRS. LANCE'S WINNING TEAM OF SALUKIS

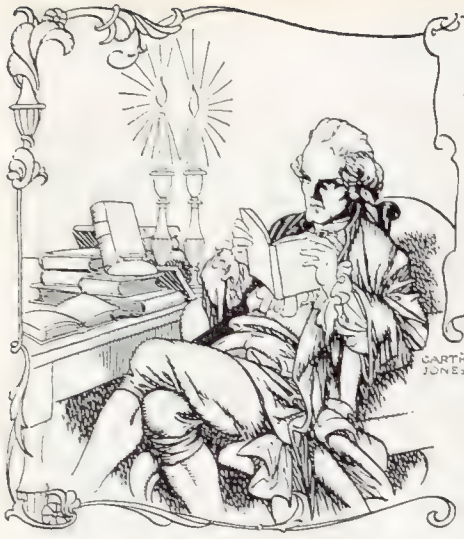
Photographs

MRS. W. R. HILL WITH HER IRISH SETTER

Photo Illus.

MRS. K. RUSSELL WITH HER PRIZE-WINNING ALSATIANS NANCY OF FALLOWDALE AND ROGER OF EASTWOOD

Some of the winning entrants at the Maidstone Championship Dog Show pose gracefully before the camera with their owners. The Dog Show season is now in full swing and will reach its height with the advent of the Kennel Club's Show



A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

On the whole I feel that if there is one profession which has never received adequate recognition from the novelists it is chartered accountancy (or whatever it is that chartered accountants do). There must have been heroes taken from their ranks, but Mr. Barry Pain's *Dumphry* (Ward, Lock: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is the first, so far as my memory goes, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting. But he was worth waiting for. Mr. Ernest Dumphry is not a young man, he is not beautiful to look at, and he has no hectic love affairs perpetually worrying himself and his family. I should call him a most respectable family man, with a perfect wife and three agreeably obedient daughters. He is a good business man, and he lives comfortably in the suburbs. Incidentally, he is pleasantly rotund and popular with his fellow men. A good sort, in fact.

But is that sufficient reason for his being thrust as hero into a full-length novel? Not by itself, perhaps, but Mr. Dumphry is not the ordinary city man. In his office he may not differ very much from scores of his colleagues, but out of it he has one little (and most delectable) weakness. He is insatiably curious. He wishes to try everything that is new. He is a man of a thousand enthusiasms, and as Mr. Barry Pain is his inventor you are not altogether surprised to find that these enthusiasms project him into a number of more or less astonishing adventures. Some of these, I admit, have a frankly farcical basis, but others are not wholly comic, and even bring "thrills" in their trail.

Mr. Dumphry may find a diet of nuts or the purchase of a caravan not to his liking, but he profits by his mistakes. He is not one of your obstinate heads of families who will never admit that they have been "had." Mr. Dumphry is "had" several times, but even so romantic a gentleman as he does not allow himself to be treated like the silliest ass. He is never a fool, or even particularly foolish: only a little too optimistic. But of his adventures it is not necessary for me to speak. Unexpected things are constantly happening to him, and you enjoy reading about them, and even at such moments when it might seem as though the author were allowing himself to dabble with caricature, Mr. Dumphry puts down a large foot, says No in a very loud voice, and refuses to be other than he is—the best of good company and a real human being. The story of his exploits is told lightheartedly and in Mr. Barry Pain's most charming manner, and we could do with a further batch of similar adventures.

❋

I can heartily recommend to your notice Mr. Dudley Carew's new novel, *The Courteous Revelation* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), for although his method of writing is not always to my liking—it is unnecessarily careless in places—he has invented a most delicate little story which intrigues you throughout and follows a course that is delightfully novel. For some time, indeed, you do not know what to make of Peter Stubbs's peculiar holiday in a nameless village somewhere in Wessex. Is it a romance, or a thriller, or what? It is certainly unusual. There is no accommodation in the local inn: where is Peter—a nearly ordinary bank-clerk, by the way, engaged to a nearly ordinary girl—to sleep? A gracious lady takes pity on him and invites him to become her guest. Whereupon the most peculiar things happen.

I have no intention of giving away the secret of the gracious lady and her beautiful house, but there is no harm in my calling your attention to one or two points. It is certainly odd that the lady's small son—also called Peter—should resemble in character the guest from London. It is odd that the village knows nothing of motors or wireless or the new dances, or even of any war more recent than that fought in South Africa. It is queer that another house just outside the village should belong to a sportsman very busily shooting his partridges, and yet be found shut up and deserted when Peter arrives for a day's sport arranged by his hostess on the telephone. The whole visit, indeed, is peculiar, and so is the revelation when it comes. I don't doubt that you will have had an inkling of the truth long before Peter—after telling his hostess what he thinks of her; she is not the most peerless of ladies—returns to London, but that will not detract from your pleasure. Mr. Carew has written a gossamer thing which demands to be judged by high standards: it is by far the best work he has done—an enormous improvement on his two earlier books.

❋

Embedded in the curiously-named *You* (Hurst & Blackett: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), by G. Sheila Donisthorpe, there is a love-story of unusual calibre. I confess that in the earlier pages I was preparing to decide that the novel would not be wholly to my masculine liking. The girl who was telling the story of her great love for Richard Brading (in the same block of flats) would, I felt, appeal rather more to her own sex than to me. But I ought to have known better, for there was an agreeable sparkle in those earlier chapters, and things were not shaping for the usual "mushy" romance. And, indeed, the novel is no amateurish effort to portray passion (and nothing else), but a singularly careful and at times most moving panorama of a girl's disillusion. This man Brading may be very far from being perfect, but—she loves him. He may marry somebody else after she has given him everything, but she loves him. She may go through hell, as they say, but for her there can be only one man, even after she has married the nicest and most understanding of husbands. There is one kind of love which surmounts all obstacles whatsoever.

That, of course, is the language of the Compleat Sentimentalist. Actually the grandest passion that was ever conceived in the heart of woman or man need not be proof against—anything. There may come a time when it calmly dissolves into nothing, and so it is with the poor young wife of Mrs. Donisthorpe's story. The husband is patient, but he pounces at last, and Brading is shown up for the worm that he is. It is immensely impressive, this final step in disillusion, and it might easily have been almost comic. It reads like the stark truth, and leaves you thinking. As a first novel, then, *You* is wholly apart from the usual run. It is human and vivid and real—a piece of good work which, I fancy, you will be hearing discussed at more than one dinner-table.

A SUCCESSFUL NOVELIST

A portrait of Mrs. Ethel Knight Kelly, who is well known in English, Australian and Italian Society. Her new novel, "Zara," has been published by The Bodley Head

Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

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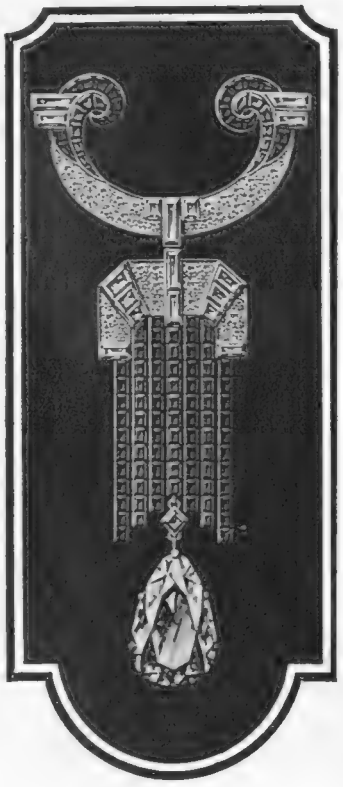

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Removing film restores sparkling whiteness

Please try this remarkable new method that leading dental authorities urge.... note the difference in teeth and gums as dingy film coat goes.

* * *

THE prettiest smile becomes ugly when teeth look clouded. Now modern science restores "off-colour" teeth to dazzling whiteness.

It's been found that dingy teeth come simply from a film that forms on teeth. A stubborn film old-type dentifrices did not successfully remove. That's why brushing failed you.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel that film now—a sort of slippery coating. Beneath it are the white teeth you envy.

It absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. It is the potential cause of most tooth troubles and prevents proper tooth protection.

Now, in a new type dentifrice called Pepsodent, a scientific film combatant has been found. Leading dentists widely urge it. All chemists and druggists have it. Try it. Get a tube to-day.

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The New-Day Quality Dentifrice

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Femina

A CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY HOME

By MRS. M. VINCE

THERE are some places of which you would say that the last thing they needed was a country holiday home. I felt this when I was in the town of Jönköping in Sweden. It is one of the larger towns of Sweden, the town where the big match factories are. But the waters of a great lake lap almost against its cobble stones; you can see wooded hills at the end of nearly every street; and it has its own wild park. Compared with the manufacturing towns of England it seems itself a place for a country holiday; and so it was very odd to be told that it had a country home to which its poor children were sent, as if it were one of the dark and ugly towns of our own black-country. And yet it is not only such towns which need holiday homes. Is there any village in England which would not be the better for one—for preference, a holiday home by the sea? And even if each village had its holiday home no farther away than the next village, would not its children, when they went there, find the country something different from anything they had known?

JÖNKÖPING'S holiday home for poor children is thirty miles away from the town—an orange-coloured wooden house deep among the woods. Through the trees at the back of it one can see the waters of a lake. It is called the Swan Lake, as lovely a lake of deep blue water in the midst of green forests as one could imagine, but that beautiful place had been a tragic place for children. The house itself is called Britte's Home, after a little girl who was drowned in that lake. Her father gave it to the town in memory of her. What made that place still more interesting to an English visitor was that in the three-centuries-old house, on the other side of the lake, where Britte had lived, an Englishwoman had lived nearly a century and a half ago; and there she had died, still young, and very lonely, after losing her two children.

THIRTY-SIX boys and girls and one football met us as we arrived, and when we went inside they wandered off to look at the car and talk to the chauffeur. They told him that "an English family" had come; and one small girl boasted that she could speak English; and a small boy, not to be outdone, said that he had been born in England; and another small boy capped them both by saying, with complete untruth, that he *was* English.

THEY were all between the ages of seven and ten, and they came not for a week or a fortnight, but for five weeks. They none of them wore hats, or shoes or stockings. It is extraordinary how simply and yet comfortably a house can be furnished when there is a lake close by to bathe in, and everyone goes barefooted, and there is plenty of wood to build with. There was no cold stone and no distemper about that house, but everywhere brightly painted wood. The floors were of polished wood which bare feet could not spoil. The painted walls were as delicate and charming in their colours as if the dormitories were drawing-rooms. The beds were also of painted wood—two stout wooden poles, with a wooden support at either end, and between the two poles a piece of canvas. They do not sound luxurious beds, and yet the children talked more of them than of any of the other pleasures of the holiday—because each child had a bed to itself.

THE washing arrangements were still more simple, as they could well be with the lake so near. The cross-piece at the foot of each bed served as a towel-rail. There was one wooden wash-hand-stand in each dormitory with a basin, and in little holes all round the stand were stuck the toothbrushes. Such were the three dormitories, high rooms with plenty of windows—which were always open. There was a room, also of polished and painted wood, to play in if the weather was wet, and a big verandah where the meals were served. In a loft above all the spare clothing was put away. And that was all: except for a little sick-room, two rooms for the matron and her assistant, and a kitchen where we found two small kitchen-maids of the day, in very large aprons, cleaning up as if this were a part of the holiday, and they had never had to do housework at home.

Marcus Adams

HALF-SISTERS

The Countess of Cavan's daughters, Miss Daphne Mulholland and her little step-sister Lady Elizabeth Lambart. Miss Mulholland is the daughter of Capt. the Hon. Anthony Mulholland, who was killed in action in 1914

ON WITH THE DANCE

Vera Nemtchinova, the famous Russian dancer, in a characteristic pose. She is at present dancing with Anton Dolin at the London Coliseum

BEFORE we left the children were called together to sing us a song. They did it very readily and unself-consciously, and, once they were started, they needed no one to lead them. Children are always very solemn when they sing, so that we could not tell from their grave and earnest faces what the song was about. It might have been, for all we knew, a comic song, but when I asked I found that it was "a sort of hymn." It was a song which promised that, however hard and sad this life may be, there is a place where it would always be spring. I suppose children are always taught such songs at such homes. It is the same in all countries. But it seems a pity. They might surely sing sometimes about the beauty of this world when they are being shown how beautiful it can be. What interest could those children feel in the distant spring, when at that moment they were right in the middle of the summer woods; and to a child of seven what difference would there be between eternity and a holiday lasting five weeks? If they confused Heaven and Brittebo, who could blame them?

THEY sang their song—it had six verses—and we said good-bye. There was a musical horn on the car, which, before now, had brought children running to the roadside and asking for "more music." So, as we drove away, we did our best to return them their song.

MOTOR NOTES
by E.M. WRIGHT

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

A delightful glimpse of the leafy trees and placid waters of Friday Street in Surrey. The car in the foreground in an air-cooled Franklin Six

In conversation with Major C. R. Abbott, of the Curtis Automobile Company, Ltd., who are sole concessionaires for the famous Lancia cars, I learned that there will be no change of model or prices at Olympia. The 16 h.p. Lancia Lambda is, as most people know, available in two forms, each with a long and a short base. The first is the original construction, in which the framework of the body is part of the chassis, and the body fitted is the Italian torpedo, to which a detachable saloon top can be added if required. The second type has an orthodox chassis to which any type of coachwork can be fitted, and on this there are several rather striking English bodies available; one notable example is the Weymann saloon, of which both four-window and six-window models are listed.

* * *

Our experience of air cooling for cars in this country has been rather unfortunate, and it is not altogether difficult to see why. Its undoubted technical merits and advantages have never been allowed to prove themselves, because this form of cooling has mainly been employed with a view to cheapness of manufacture—and that has killed it at the outset as a serious proposition. In America this is not the case. For nearly a quarter of a century the air-cooled Franklin has more than held its own amongst the high-grade cars of that country. Over here, however, as I have hinted above, it has an undoubted prejudice to meet. After some experience of the car during this summer let me do my part to remove it.

* * *

A trial of the Franklin soon disabuses you of four preconceptions to which the insular Britisher is inclined when he hears of an air-cooled car from America. You find (1) that it needs no nursing of any kind, whatever the gradient, to prevent overheating; (2) that it has none of the noise and smell that we have come to associate with air cooling; (3) that it is not in any way a cheap job, and (4) that it is not "just another Yankee car." It has an individuality. The six-cylinder engine has a seven-bearing crankshaft, and except for the usual slight tremor when picking up from very low speeds, there is no vibration at any stage of its range, which is up to 55 m.p.h. Furthermore, it is dead silent. There is no noise from the valve gear or the blower, which delivers the air by specially designed passages to the cylinder tops.

* * *

As to the cooling, since the blast of air is positive and does not depend on the direction of the wind or forward speed of the car, there is no fear of overheating, whatever the conditions. In fact, at any given speed, say 25 m.p.h., the engine is getting a better blast of air in one of the lower gears than it is in top, which is the

(Continued on page iv)

Fétiche
The Fragrant Secret of Adoration
CREATED TO ENHANCE YOUR CHARM
BY
PIVER
PARIS
Perfume 5/- & 7/6
(IN LOVELY CRYSTAL GLASS BOTTLES)
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Obtainable Everywhere

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SPECIALISTS IN CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Little Boy's Suit *knitted from fine wool, with border in fancy stitch. In light or dark saxe.*

Size for 2 - Price **27/6**
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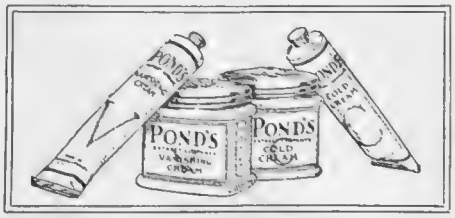
POND'S COLD CREAM

It is most important to cleanse the skin thoroughly every day with *Pond's Cold Cream.* Soap and water are not enough—they cleanse the surface only. Often the harsh alkali in soap is harmful to a delicate skin, particularly after exposure to the summer sun. The pure oils of *Pond's Cold Cream* go deep down into the pores and tissues, soothing and softening—and gently bringing to the surface all impurities. When you remove the cream after a few moments, all these impurities will come away with it, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Do this in the daytime after a spell of work or exposure to the open air, finishing off with *Pond's Vanishing Cream* to give your skin a velvety surface and to hold your powder. Always cleanse with *Pond's Cold Cream* regularly every night before you retire, allowing a little cream to stay on all night if your skin is inclined to be dry.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM

Pond's Vanishing Cream instantly makes you look your best by giving your skin and complexion a rose-petal daintiness—and, at the same time, prevents sunburn, roughness, redness and all other blemishes caused by exposure. Use it always before you go out—and from time to time during the day as opportunity offers. It forms a perfect base for powder, which goes on more evenly and stays on longer—no shiny noses, no "touching up" in public. *Pond's Vanishing Cream* is a delicious, refreshing cream to use, with a delicate fragrance of Jacqueminot roses.



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80 FAMOUS ACTRESSES

have voluntarily—without remuneration of any kind—expressed in personal interviews their appreciation of the merits of Pond's Two Creams, stating that they use them regularly to preserve their own beauty and charms. Such a valuable collection of reliable testimony to its merits has never been gained by any other method of skin-care. Follow the example of these charming ladies—and that of countless thousands of others in all walks and conditions of life. Start to-day to prove to your own satisfaction the wonderful effect of this simple, sure method of cleansing and protecting the skin and complexion.

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Try for yourself this delightful, effective method. The proprietors, Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 357), 103 St. John St., London, E.C. 1, will send for twopence in stamps to cover postage and packing, A TRIAL TUBE of both creams. All chemists and stores sell *Pond's Cold Cream* and *Pond's Vanishing Cream* in handsome opal jars, 1/3 and 2/6, and in tubes, 7½d. (for handbag) and 1/-. The Cold Cream also in extra large jars, 5/-, and in extra large tubes, 2/6.

exact reverse of the conditions obtaining with water-cooling. The feel of the car has little relation to that of the usual American. In its quiet surge of silent power and absence of fuss at high speeds, it is reminiscent of the best British practice. Even the angle of the seats and upholstery in the standard saloon I tried is individual to the Franklin, and the cellulose finish is one of the best I have ever seen. I could write a great deal more if space allowed, but must be content to recommend readers simply to try this remarkable car for themselves. The price of the saloon illustrated on page ii is £885.

***

MESSRS. ARTHUR MULLINER, LTD., the well-known motor agents and coachbuilders, of Northampton and Baker Street, W.1, have an inventor on their staff. He is, in fact, the managing director of the company, Mr. A. B. Viggor, and for a number of years past he has been working on a device to overcome the dazzle difficulty. Methods of dipping the head lights are not new, but the Mulliner patent mechanism combines both dipping and swivelling—the latter a most important and useful point. Thus, by moving the head light beam slightly to the left it is possible both to avoid dazzling an oncoming car and to project the maximum light on the edge of the road, where it is most needed at such moments. The device may be left in any position, which is, of course, a great advantage in fog. The swivelling mechanism operates in both directions, that is, either to right or left, so that it can be used for "peering" round corners. Messrs. Mulliner have just produced a little brochure on the subject, which is well worth sending for.

IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND

A Wolseley Six seen in an attractive setting. The photograph was taken at Speldhurst in Kent

***

THE Sunbeam people tell me that they have had innumerable requests for a description of the 1,000 h.p. Sunbeam car and the events connected with Major H. O. D. Segrave's achievement in attaining the world's record speed of 203 m.p.h. They have therefore issued a booklet dealing with the car and its wonderful performance. I have been looking through a copy; it certainly makes thrilling reading, and is splendidly illustrated. The many British makers of accessories who contributed to this great feat have not been overlooked.

***

CONSIDERABLE extensions are now being carried out at Fort Dunlop, the headquarters of Dunlop tyres, to cope with the largely increased business. New buildings are being erected to supplement the mixing mills, moulding and curing shops, and a new four-storey office block is being built. A 15in. dia. main with a capacity of 400,000 g.p.h. will augment the water supply. E. M. W.

PRACTICAL STOCKINETTE JUMPER SUITS FOR SCHOOL GIRLS

INEXPENSIVE JUMPER SUIT in all-wool stockinette, jumper trimmed rayon braid in two tones; skirt fixed to bodice has two inverted pleats in front, plain back. For young ladies 10 to 14 years. In tabac, beige, almond, rose, rust.

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Size for 10 years	55/-
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INEXPENSIVE CHIFFON VELVET TEA FROCKS

Designed and made in our own workrooms on the premises by highly skilled workers from rich quality materials

***Tea Frock** in rich quality Chiffon Velvet with straight bodice cut with deep V front. The skirt is slightly full in front giving a becoming line, and the waist is hand ruched and finished with handsome silk tassel. In black and a good range of colours*

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One Cigarette Too Many

One cigarette beyond the limit and your throat begins to assert itself—goes hot and dry and irritates. Now is the time "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles prove such a boon. In a pleasant, soothing manner they remove all irritation and your throat again becomes normal.

Try them. They are Delicious.

Your Chemist stocks them.

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing:

2 oz. - 8d.
4 oz. - 1/3
8 oz. - 2/3
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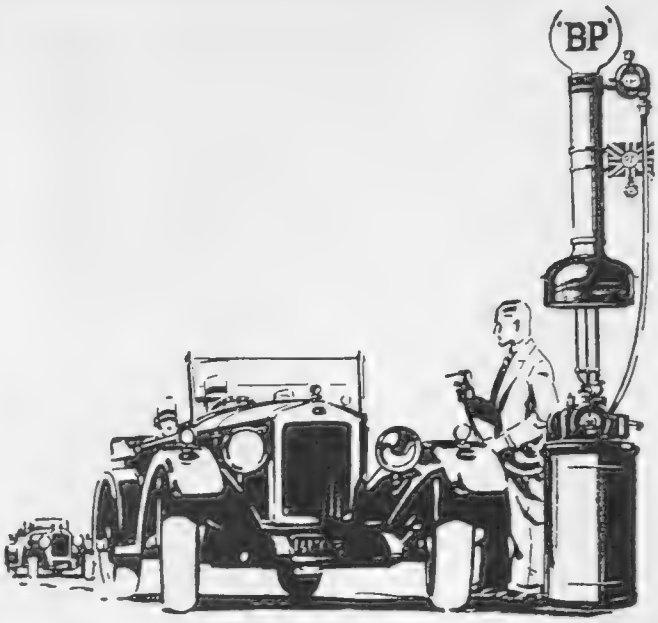

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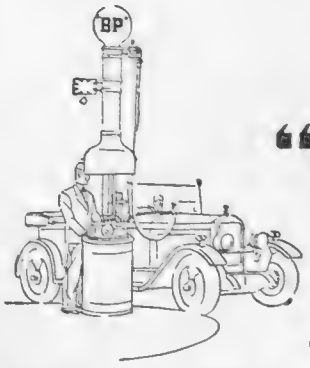

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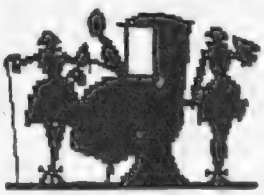

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EL 5-96

Wit and Waving

OF permanent waving, as of wit, it may be said that the test is in its bearing of repetition.

Which would argue most eloquently for the supremacy of Eugene waving. For if anything surpasses the finesse of Eugene waving it is the ingenuity of Eugene re-waving.

After hair has once been permanently waved and then grows out, you know, it presents quite a problem. The new growth is straight and, to conform with the old, it must be waved in the same fashion. Yet if the full length of the hair is waved again, the first wave will be straightened out.

One of the fundamental recommendations for the Eugene Method is in its complete solution of this problem. A patented device—the Eugene perforated sachet—makes it possible to concentrate steam on the new growth and keep steam away from the already-waved growth.

And so to retain the grace of the first wave while supplementing it with that of a second wave.

The Eugene Method is the only method equipped to re-wave the young hair without unwaving the rest of it—which accounts no doubt, for its being the only method which thoughtful women sanction.

This is but one instance of the refinement in permanent waving which distinguishes the Eugene Method. May we have permission to tell you of other instances? May we not send you — without charge, of course — the new booklet which describes and pictures them? A note to us, and we will forward you a copy at once.

Eugene Ltd., 31, Dover Street, Grafton Street, London, W.1.

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Permanent Waving

New York
565 Fifth Avenue.

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FASHIONS FANCIES

By CYNTHIA

Some particularly attractive examples of Ciro workmanship stress the importance of the pearl necklace, with fancy gem clasp, drop earrings and the single stone ring

Society Goes Racing

RACING and race frocks are the topics of the moment, for it is St. Leger Week, with the Ayr and Newmarket meetings following on shortly, to say nothing of less important affairs. Naturally enough, the Autumn meetings are not smart in the sense that Ascot is smart, but St. Leger clothes are generally worth looking at and show clearly the trend of Autumn Fashions of the tailor-made variety, for Society has, one may be sure, found time to stop for a few days in Paris on the way back from Deauville, etc., on a visit that has not been barren of results.

The New Rodier Fabrics

PARTICULARLY to the fore are the new Rodier "Woollens," more interesting than ever this Season from the point of view of colour, texture and design. Some are *ombré* in character, displaying in the one "piece" attractive variations of the same shade. "Djersakasha Eschelyne," for instance, shades from black through grey until, growing gradually paler, it merges into white . . . and that is only one scheme. In many cases designs are raised, these fabrics being used in conjunction with a plain one that tones in colour, the heavy material being used, of course, for the coat and the lighter one for the frock. Through some of the latest "Rodiers," such as "Pekins Ondulor" and "Djersakasha Lebror," gold metal thread is woven; these, says Paris, will be the rage during the coming Season; so will "Primaveres Tuslikasha," a lightweight "woollen" with a floral design in natural colourings on a dark ground.

Fashion Discovers Tweeds

TWEEDS, for so long labelled "sports wear only," have been discovered all over again this Autumn, and have been promoted to quite an important place in the Fashion scheme, both for suits with matching coats and for capes and overcoats, nearly always collared and cuffed with fur. For the latter many reversible coatings are used, too, in which case linings, always a difficulty with heavy materials, are *non est*. And, talking of tweeds, the new "Jersey Chevron," that has all the appearance of tweed, but is, of course, more pliable and lighter in weight, is often employed for the coat of a suit, of which the skirt is of tweed proper.

Ciro pearl necklaces can be arranged in divers ways, in the manner most becoming to the wearer. And many women favour the stud earring

"La Mode" Prefers Pearls

PEARLS were never more fashionable than to-day, for *La Mode*, inclining more and more towards a studied simplicity, vetoes severely anything ornate in the jewellery line. Pearl necklaces for any and every occasion, single stone rings and earrings, is her latest decree for the feminine contingent, and for men, single-stone tie-pins, studs and cuff-links. Luckily, these lovely gems, priced so prohibitively in the past, have been brought through scientific research within the reach of every woman, Ciro Pearls being faultless counterparts of the Oriental deep sea pearl, with all its delicacy of tone, softness of sheen, subtlety of colouring and lustre. Some particularly attractive examples of Ciro workmanship are shown on this page. See in the sketch in the top left-hand corner a necklace, arranged in two rows and finished with an artistic fancy gem clasp, also the drop earring that women favour so to-day. The sketch immediately below shows a three-row necklace and also exemplifies the charm of the stud earring. The address of the head establishment of Ciro Pearls, Ltd., is 178, Regent Street, where orders by post should be sent; a line sent there will bring an attractively illustrated catalogue.

Only Six Guineas!

ARE the lovely Autumn models in the Inexpensive Frock Department at Messrs. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, which will have the happy result that during the coming Season girls on allowance, young married women, and all the other gay people, who have to achieve the maximum of smartness at the minimum of cost, can have several frocks instead of one or two! Two fascinating evenings models, sketched on this page, are to be obtained not only in the colours described, but in many other of the new shades, also in black. Silk lace expresses the one on the left, in a delicious *bois de rose* colour; there is a graceful cape effect at the back and the fullness in the skirt is, according to the latest decree of Paris, brought to the side and caught with a paste buckle; it is suitably named "The

Silk lace and gold lace over georgette express two lovely dance frocks for the coming Season. Sketched in the Inexpensive Frock Department at Messrs. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge

Smart wear for early Autumn race meetings, "The Boston" coat, carried out in checked tweed and collared with racoon. From Aquascutum Ltd., 100, Regent Street, W.

Trott," in anticipation of the many dances it will grace this Autumn! Its companion, "The Columbine," is the daintiest of affairs, in gold lace over lettuce-green georgette, velvet ribbon in a deeper shade of green being tied in a bow in front. And these are only two of innumerable up-to-date evening gowns, to say nothing of coat-frocks and jumper suits in the latest fabrics and colours, afternoon frocks for bridge, receptions, etc., at the same intriguing price.

The Smart Woman's Uniform

It's an unwise woman, indeed, who, with race meetings and other Autumn "occasions" in view, fails to order a smart overcoat, and if she cares about perfection of cut and finish it will be on Aquascutum, Ltd., 100, Regent Street, W., that she will rely. One of their latest models is to be seen on this page. Priced at 14 guineas, it is called "The Boston" and is carried out in checked tweed in all the Season's new shades and lined to the hips with spun silk. Racoon, a fur that does not care if it rains (or snows), is used for the collar, which is, as can be seen, thoroughly cosy and stormproof. With chilly days in prospect, camel-fleece wrap-coats, edged with braid and collared in fur, are wonderful value at 9 guineas; so, indeed, are beautifully tailored costumes from 8 guineas in Harris and other tweeds, and from 12 guineas in the famous Aquascutum fabric.

A Super Fabric

Luvisca—says the woman "who knows"—for the tailored jumper shirt that all the world wears with costumes to-day; for pyjamas, the daintiest of affairs in their up-to-date variety; for children's frocks and for coat linings. Luvisca, woven from artificial silk, with all the appearance, finish, and comfort in wear of silk, is both durable and dainty. It neither fades, shrinks, nor stretches, and can be washed and ironed to the very end of its long (and honourable!) life without any loss of its original fascinating sheen. Drapers and stores throughout the world stock Luvisca, and, what is more, stock a large selection of Luvisca garments designed in accordance with the newest fashions. Every yard of material bears a stamp on the selvedge, and every Luvisca garment has a registered tab, for the guidance of intending purchasers who do not wish to prove in person that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery!

A Reliable Guide to School Outfits

Parents throughout the length and breadth of England are occupied at the moment with the momentous question of school outfits, and are too often without reliable guide on what to buy for the younger generation and where to buy it. So they will warmly welcome the Autumn issue of Peter Robinson's "Boys' and Youths'" and "Girls'" catalogues, of which copies (of either or both) will be sent on request to Peter Robinson, Ltd., Oxford Street and Regent Street. This firm is particularly qualified to supply school outfits, both for girls and for preparatory and public schools, for they are on the clothing list of over two hundred schools.

The "House Comfortable"

A house inadequately supplied with comfortable chairs! What a miserable place it is! And there are a good many even in this comfort-loving age! Young couples, bachelor girls, and many others who are forced to "furnish light," so to speak, are inclined to regard comfort as prohibitively priced. That is because their undergraduate friends have neglected to introduce them to the Minty Oxford "Varsity" chair beloved of University men, who, whatever they do not know, certainly have a supreme knowledge of comfort and of how they can best obtain it! Minty chairs, priced from £1 17s. 6d., are only obtainable from Minty's, of Oxford, and are made in five sizes, to suit those of different heights. A catalogue concerning them, with patterns of coverings, will be sent on application to Minty, Ltd. (Dept. 23), 44, 45, High Street, Oxford, and 36, Southampton Street, Strand (London showrooms).

Motorists Please Take Note

The motorists who include among their car accessories a Motoluxe rug never suffer from "that chilly feeling"

(Continued on page x)

Sketches by Beta

Pyjamas made of Luvisca satisfy the modern woman's demand for practical daintiness. And the "Minty" chair, in which their wearer sits, is the last word in comfort

BY THE SILVERY SEA.

Constant exposure to the sun and sea air makes a high-class toilet cream indispensable.

BEETHAMS **Larola**

supplies this want and is a preparation of world-wide renown, quite greaseless, delightfully fragrant and essential to every lady desiring a PERFECT COMPLEXION. Larola is unequalled for removing and preventing Sunburn, Roughness or Redness, it whitens the complexion and makes the skin beautifully soft. When you pack, do not forget to include a bottle of Larola, and you will find it invaluable during the holidays. Try it on your hands and you will be surprised at the improvement.

Gentlemen should use LAROLA regularly after shaving; it soothes the skin and keeps it in good condition. 1/6 per bottle.

THE COMPLEXION

will be greatly improved by using LAROLA TOILET POWDER, 2/6 per box, and a touch of LAROLA ROSE BLOOM, 1/- per box, which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell they are artificial.

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M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM SPA, ENGLAND

Stephenson's Floor Polish

is the "best of its kind."

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It is easy and quick to apply, is fresh and fragrant, labour-saving and inexpensive. It multiplies many times the life and beauty of linoleums, parquet, etc. Stephenson's gives a bright polish that stays on and wears well.

Begin it in your home to-day.

3½d., 6d., 9d., 1/- *and* 1/9.

Sole Manufacturers:
STEPHENSON BROTHERS, Ltd.,
Bradford.

The pick of the market!

This week it's Bird's Custard with stewed plums! Or you can have greengages, apples, or pears, freshly stewed and on your table within a few hours of picking.

Serve delicious Bird's Custard with these fresh fruits and you have the most enjoyable dish of the day.

Or serve Bird's Custard with tinned or bottled fruit. Either way, "Bird's and fruit" is always a welcome and joyous dish, packed with goodness. *Bird's makes no kitchen work.*

Pkts., 1½d.; silvered boxes, 6½d. and 1/-; tins, 1/3½

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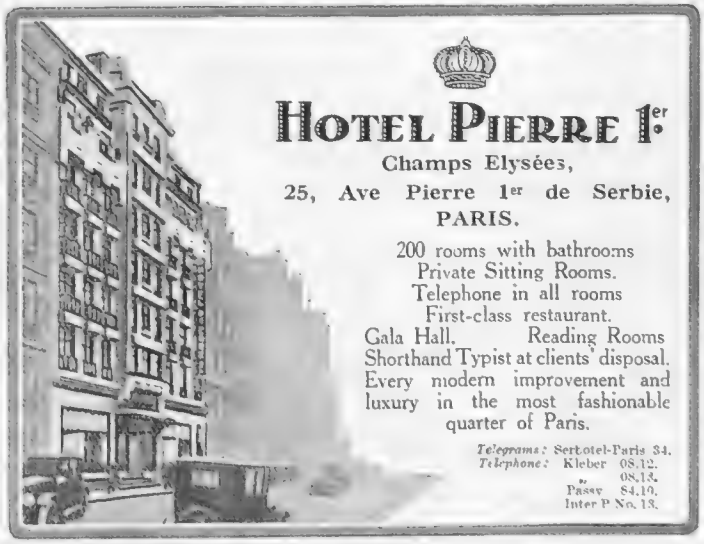

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& 47, Berkeley St., W.1 (next door to Thos. Cook's).

that so often turns motoring from a pleasure into a penance. Motoluxe rugs are made of alpaca wool, a material that combines the minimum of weight with the maximum of warmth, and has all the appearance of fine quality fur. Measuring 50×70, they are made in fifteen different fur tints and are priced at five guineas, an ideal foot muff to match costing 39s. 6d.

"London's Own Tattoo"

The two-day Tattoo given by the London Irish Rifles last year proved successful enough to warrant the presentation this year of a more elaborate version. For this purpose the London Irish Rifles have joined hands with the Irish Guards, and the Tattoo will take place at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea, on September 14, 15, 16 and 17, at 8.30 each night. The episode of the London Irish at Loos will be staged, and there will be a spectacular pageant of Irish foot regiments, in addition to the evolutions of torch-bearers and other interesting features. A novelty will be a ten-minute Rugby football match played by the London Irish R.F.C. Seats may be booked at the usual agencies and at the Duke of York's Headquarters.

A British Venture

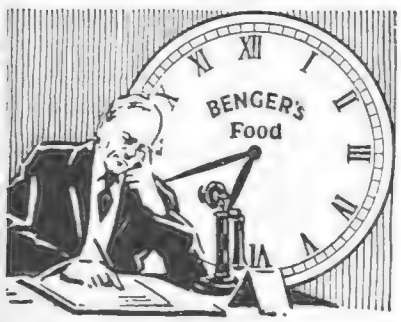
The popularity of amateur cine-photography has suffered recently in one respect only, namely, the comparatively high cost of the apparatus. However, a new invention has just been placed on the market which, it is not too much to say, promises to revolutionize the whole industry, to wit, the Campro Combination Cine-camera and Projector. Of standard professional size, the Campro is the only outfit in the world which takes and projects both celluloid and paper films, yet it costs but 10 guineas instead of £35 or £40. A few of the merits of this all-British product are: it takes moving pictures, single snapshots and time exposures; projects moving and "still" pictures and, being of standard size, is not restricted to private film libraries. It is easy to operate and will project on any electric voltage, being both fool-proof and danger-proof. The ability to take and project paper films makes the working expenses much cheaper if these are preferred to celluloid films. The Campro may be obtained from any leading photographic stores, or direct from the sole makers, Campro, Ltd., 23, City Road, E.C.1.

AT AIX-LES-BAINS

Two of the competitors in the Professional Golf Competition over the beautiful Aix-les-Bains course in play on the ninth green. The winner of the Competition was J. B. Loth, with Royer as runner-up

Sunshine in Winter

From November 12, 1927, until April 22, 1928, the Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of Australia" will be engaged in a pleasure cruise round the world. In all some 36,000 miles will be covered, and visits will be paid to places of interest in twenty-two different countries, including Madeira, Morocco, Italy, the Riviera, Egypt, the Holy Land, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, Honolulu, the Philippines, the Panama Canal, West Indies, etc. Christmas will be spent in the Holy Land and New Year's Eve in Cairo. Many places off the beaten track will be visited, and the cruise has been arranged so that the countries are visited under the most favourable conditions. A book describing the tour may be obtained free from the Cruise Dept., Canadian Pacific Railway, 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.



Benger's Food when overworking.

The modern round of life makes overstrain difficult to avoid. It comes to men *via* business worries, overwork, hurried meals, etc.; to women through domestic worries, excitement, late hours, etc.

The effects of overstrain are first apparent in exhausted nerves and impaired digestion.

At this stage, several days on Benger's Food will rest the digestive system, and also enable the nerves and bodily functions to regain tone.

BENGER'S Food

Is sold in Tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.
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BENGER'S BOOKLET, pp. 34-36 gives useful recipes for light dishes prepared with Benger's Food. Post free from

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., MANCHESTER.
NEW YORK—90, Beekman St. SYDNEY—350, George St.
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AUTUMN TINTS

The model illustrated is but one of the many exquisite numbers in Reptile skins to be found in the

A delightful Russet tint. Exceptionally fine markings, with Beige Glace Collar and Strap.

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Two Steeples English Socks

The "Two Steeples" No. 83 quality socks are made in England by English people. They are typical of the best English work. Only the highest grade pure wool yarn is used in their manufacture. They are good-looking hard wearing and perfect fitting. Try them and be satisfied.

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MYRURGIA
of Barcelona

THE acceptance of a perfume by the *haut monde* of two Continents, its habitual use by ladies of high rank—by even Royalty itself—all this must mean that here is perfume of the highest *tone*, a perfume *par excellence*. And MAJA is that perfume. Blended with subtlest artistry by *parfumeurs* of Spain, blended so perfectly that it seems in fact as well as fancy the very essence of romance, MAJA becomes the final summing up of all things beautiful and Spanish—the great achievement of perfuming art.

For, fragrantly delicate and marvellously appealing, different, yet always in good taste, MAJA toileteries Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Toilet and Bath Soap, Complexion Powder and Cream—are indispensable to the woman who would be truly smart

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By appointment to the Royal House of Spain.

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The 'Sports' girl

will agree that "Delysia" is her ideal fabric, because it keeps so delightfully fresh under all conditions.

"DELYSIA" is just the thing for Lingerie, light Frocks, and Evening Wear. It has the delicate sheen and fine texture of silk and is dyed in a multitude of beautiful fashion shades.

"DELYSIA" is 37/38 inches wide and is obtainable from all drapers at 3/11½ per yard. "

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(Registered)

The name is stamped on the selvedge.

If any difficulty in obtaining "Delysia," write direct to the Manufacturers, COURTAULDS, Ltd. (Dept 168), 16, St Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.

Manufacturers also of
"LUVISCA,"
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etc.

Some Recipes for Grouse and Partridges

GROUSE PIE.
HOW TO MAKE AN OLD GROUSE TENDER.
THE BEST WAY TO COOK A PARTRIDGE.
PARTRIDGE SOUFFLÉ.

Grouse Pie

This is an excellent dish for a shooting luncheon. Line the bottom of a pie-dish with 1 lb. of rump steak cut into neat pieces. Cut two grouse into joints, season highly with salt, cayenne, and black pepper, pour in some stock, and cover with puff paste; brush the crust over with the yolk of an egg, and bake one hour. The backbones and trimmings from the grouse will make the gravy by stewing them with an onion, a little mace, a bunch of herbs, and a wineglassful of sherry or claret. This should be poured in after the pie is baked.

How to Make an Old Grouse Tender

Rub the bird inside and out with about ¼ lb. of butter, and cut off the legs at the knees and the wings at the pinions. Place the bird in a casserole dish with plenty of good gravy, fill up the casserole with water, put on a cover, and cook in a slow oven for about three hours. Then add sufficient gelatine to make the gravy set. When quite cold turn the contents into an *entrée* dish, when it will come out firm as a mould and be a delicious dish of cold game.

The Best Way to Cook a Partridge

Wash the bird in cold water, in which a little soda has been dissolved. Wipe it perfectly dry with a clean cloth, rub it thoroughly inside and out with salt and pepper, then brush the outside of the bird with melted butter and sift it well with flour. This forms a paste that serves to keep in the juices. Before putting the bird in the oven pour a quart of boiling water in the pan, place the bird on a rack, so that it stands out of the water, and roast in a quick oven not more than forty-five minutes, less if the bird is very small. After the first fifteen minutes baste every ten minutes. The success of this recipe depends largely upon the paste of butter and flour, and the frequent basting. If directions are carefully followed the bird will be deliciously juicy and have a fine flavour. Serve with gravy and bread sauce, and potato crisps.

Partridge Soufflé

Roast two partridges, remove all the meat from the bones, put it into a basin, and mix well with 2 oz. of cooked rice, 1 oz. of butter, a little pepper and salt, and one gill and a half of glaze. Pass all this through a sieve, and add the yolks of four eggs and then the whites of two eggs whipped to a stiff froth; put into a mould or in small casserole cups, and bake in a quick oven. Serve with a good gravy made from the bones and trimmings and thickened with butter and cornflour. A *purée* of spinach may be served with it.

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THOSE PICNIC SANDWICHES—

Turn them into something BETTER with a touch of

PANYAN PICKLE

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Cuticura Shaving Stick Medicated And Soothing Keeps The Skin Healthy

It produces a creamy, lasting lather which doubles razor efficiency and makes shaving easy for tender-faced men, while its delicate medication keeps the skin clear and healthy.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 33, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

Photographic study of Miss Dorothy Dickson wearing her exquisite Ciro Pearls

AGE CANNOT LESSEN THEIR LOVELINESS

The very soul of the real pearl is in Ciro Pearls. Your fondness for their lasting loveliness will grow with the years.

YOU CAN WEAR CIRO PEARLS FOR A FORTNIGHT AT OUR EXPENSE.

We invite you to send us a Guinea for a 16-inch necklet of Ciro Pearls that you cannot distinguish from real pearls. You may wear it for a fortnight, and if it does not give you entire satisfaction, return it to us and we will refund your money in full.

Ciro Pearls

are obtainable exclusively at the Showrooms of

CIRO PEARLS LTD.
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48 Old Bond Street W. 120 Cheapside E.C.
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NEWCASTLE O/TYNE (Coxons). BRISTOL (J. F. Taylor Ld.) DUBLIN (Switzers).

Write for the Ciro Pearl Booklet, post free.

Ciro Jewellery is fashioned by the creators of Ciro Pearls.

THE ENDURING BEAUTY OF CIRO PEARLS IS ENDORSED BY THOUSANDS OF WEARERS THE WORLD OVER

From CHESHIRE. "The more I wear my Ciro Pearls the more am I charmed with them. It is three years a o that I bought them."

From SINGAPORE. "Five years ago when on leave in London I bought two Ciro Pearl Necklets for my wife. They still look splendid."

From DEVON. "All you claim for Ciro Pearls is more than true. Mine are just as pleasing as the first day I wore them nearly three years back."

From THE GOLD COAST. "Colonel B. would like you to know that the Ciro Pearl Necklet he bought four years ago is still the admiration of all his wife's friends. Twice she has been offered substantial sums for it in the belief that it was composed of real pearls."

From ABERDEEN. "It is eighteen months since I first wore Ciro Pearls and have done so daily. They show no sign of deterioration. Kindly send me ring No. 22 in your catalogue."

From CANADA. "I have spoken highly of your firm to many who have admired my Ciro Pearls bought from you five years ago, and still full of lustre."

From LIMERICK. "I wear Ciro Pearls and some real pearls together, but nobody yet has discovered this, and they keep their sheen as well as the genuine."

From TASMANIA. "I have worn my Necklet of Ciro Pearls in all weathers and never spared them, but to-day they please me as much as ever. They are wonderful."

From HAMPSTEAD. "Beyond an occasional restringing nothing has been done to the Necklet of Ciro Pearls given to me four years ago. I must say I am delighted with the way it retains its beauty."

From LLANDAFF. "My Ciro Pearls bought a few years ago have had nothing but favourable comments and I see no difference in them since I wore them first."

From NIGERIA. "The Ciro Pearls you sent me in 1923 have surpassed all expectations. Many of my friends out here have ordered them on my recommendation."

From JERSEY. "When I bought a Necklet of Ciro Pearls for my daughter 2½ years since, I doubted if they would remain lustrous as you claimed. After being worn continuously, I am glad to say they still look equal to new."

From KENSINGTON. "Please send one of your 32-inch Necklets to the address given. I take the opportunity to tell you how wonderful the previous one bought in 1922 has b en. No one would imagine it had been worn for nearly five years."

OUR FILES CONTAIN THOUSANDS OF SIMILAR LETTERS IN PRAISE OF THE PERMANENT QUALITIES OF CIRO PEARLS

Grey Hair

THE most ingenious dressing of the hair cannot disguise the passing of the years; greyness comes and is almost instantly noticeable. And yet—a single application of Inecto will restore the colour, in the soft shade that Nature ever uses. Inecto colours the hair from within, improving the texture as it replaces the colour.

Your hairdresser will tell you all about Inecto—or you may send for an interesting booklet on the subject.

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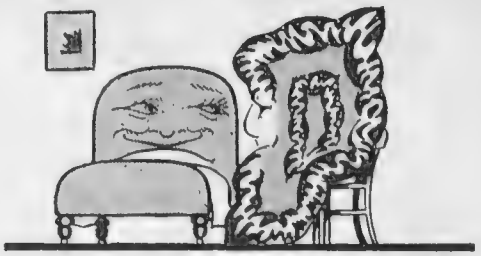

Said the bed to the McLintock.....

'Between you and I—there's warmth!'

WARMTH in bed is absolutely essential to sound sleep. Not the heavy, sultry warmth usually fostered by "quilts" of doubtful origin, but the dreamy, downy warmth of the **McLintock.**

Inside the silken folds of its covering lies the purest of pure Down. Down that has passed the high requirements of **McLintock's** stringent purity test. To go to bed with a **McLintock** over you is to go to sleep.

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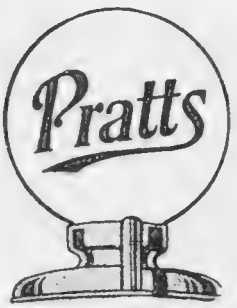

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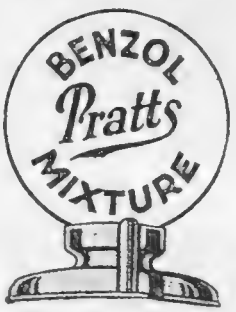

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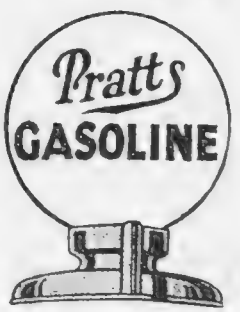

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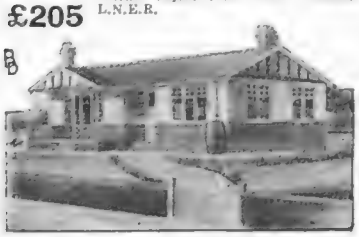

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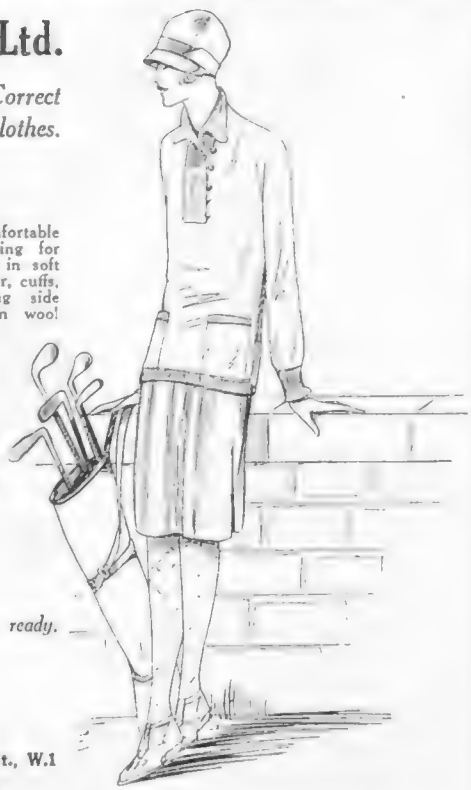

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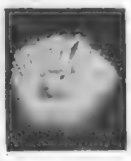

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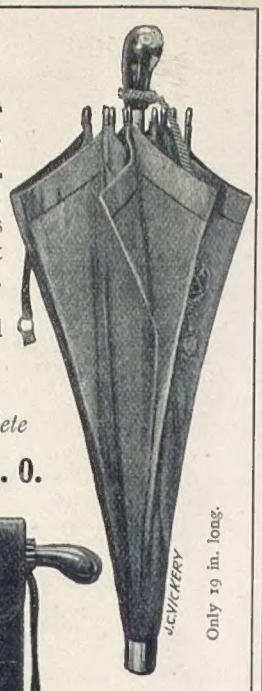

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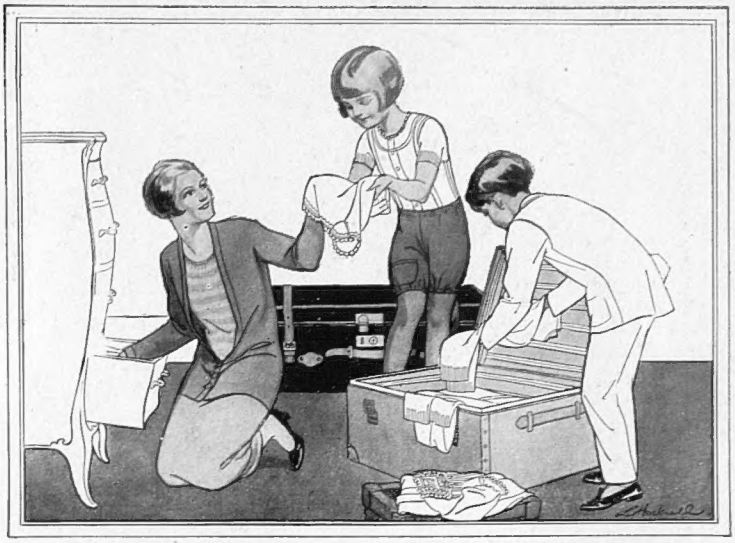

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'Duggie' explains~

"Lost Telegrams."

No. 10.

Sir Edward : "Colonel Cheriton was telling me at the Club the other day that he recently wired a commission for Glommen to his agent. His horse won ; but, poor chap, his wire never reached his agent. The Telegraph Department admitted it was never delivered—got held up somewhere—and in accordance with his agent's rules he wasn't 'on.' What rules have you covering this point ?"

Duggie : "My rule distinctly states that I guarantee payment in full over wires which, through the fault of the Post Office, are lost in transmission."

Sir Edward : "Another very extraordinary incident occurred to Lord Finchley. He wired 'a hundred' on a horse, and when the telegram was received the stake had been left out. His agent's rules stated that wires were dealt with as received, and consequently he had no bet ! Deuced hard luck ! Now, what would have happened if you had been Finchley's agent ?"

Duggie : "Immediately I received the telegram I would have had it 'repeated.'"

Sir Edward : "Yes ? But suppose when you got the repetition the stake was still omitted ?"

Duggie : "Then I would have asked Lord Finchley to get a certified copy of the telegram, and, provided that was in order, I would have paid him his winnings immediately."

Sir Edward : "Then you not only make good wires which are lost, but also those which are wrongly transmitted ?"

Duggie : "Exactly. In my opinion, Sir Edward, no backer can reasonably be expected to do more than hand in his telegram all in good order. His responsibility should cease there. As the telegraph officials refuse to undertake any liability for their mistakes, the only fair alternative is for me to do so instead."

Sir Edward : "Very fair indeed. Will you send your rules to Colonel Cheriton and Finchley ?"

Duggie : "Certainly, Sir Edward."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients.

Meanwhile—Write to-day and Open a Credit Account.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

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